

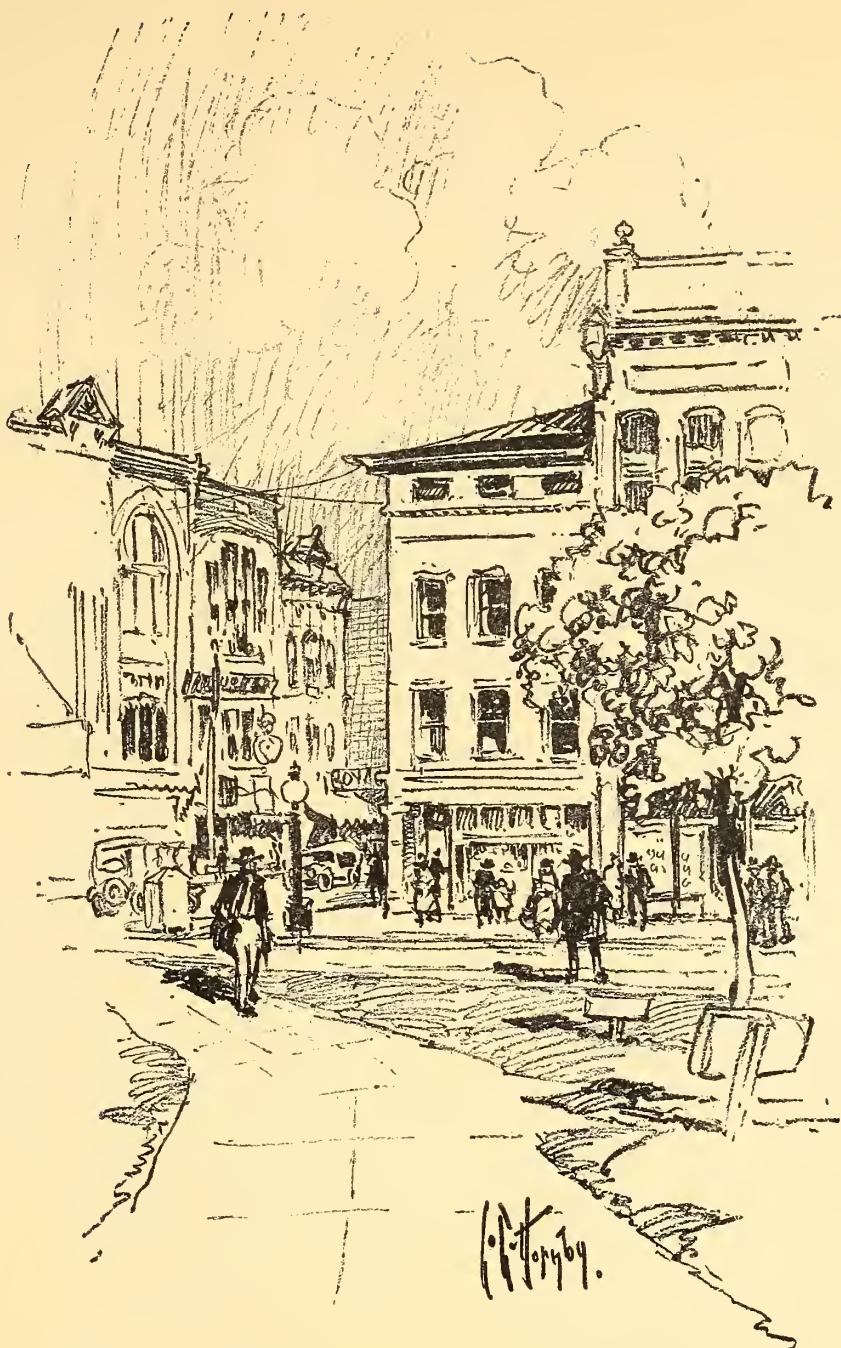




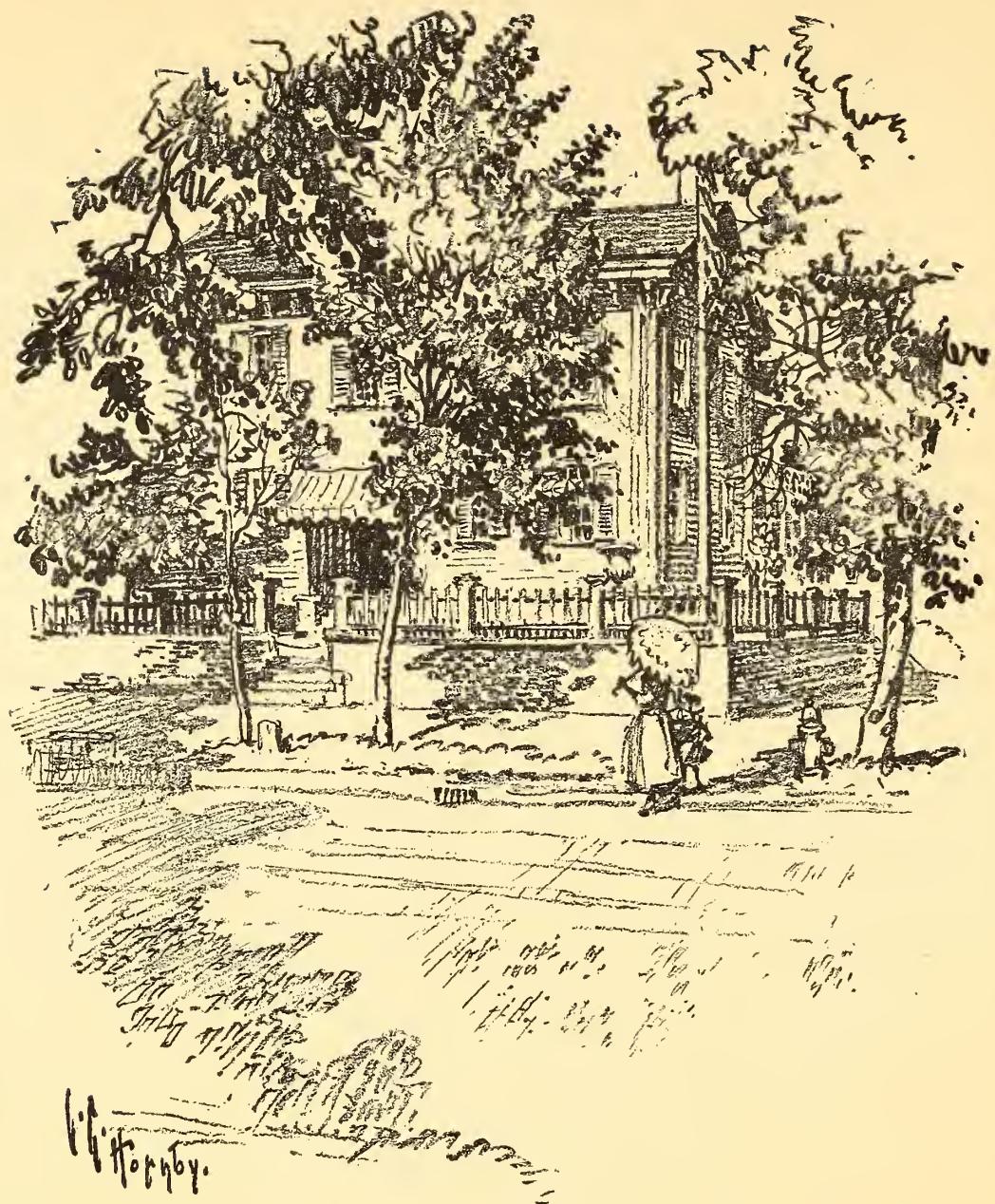
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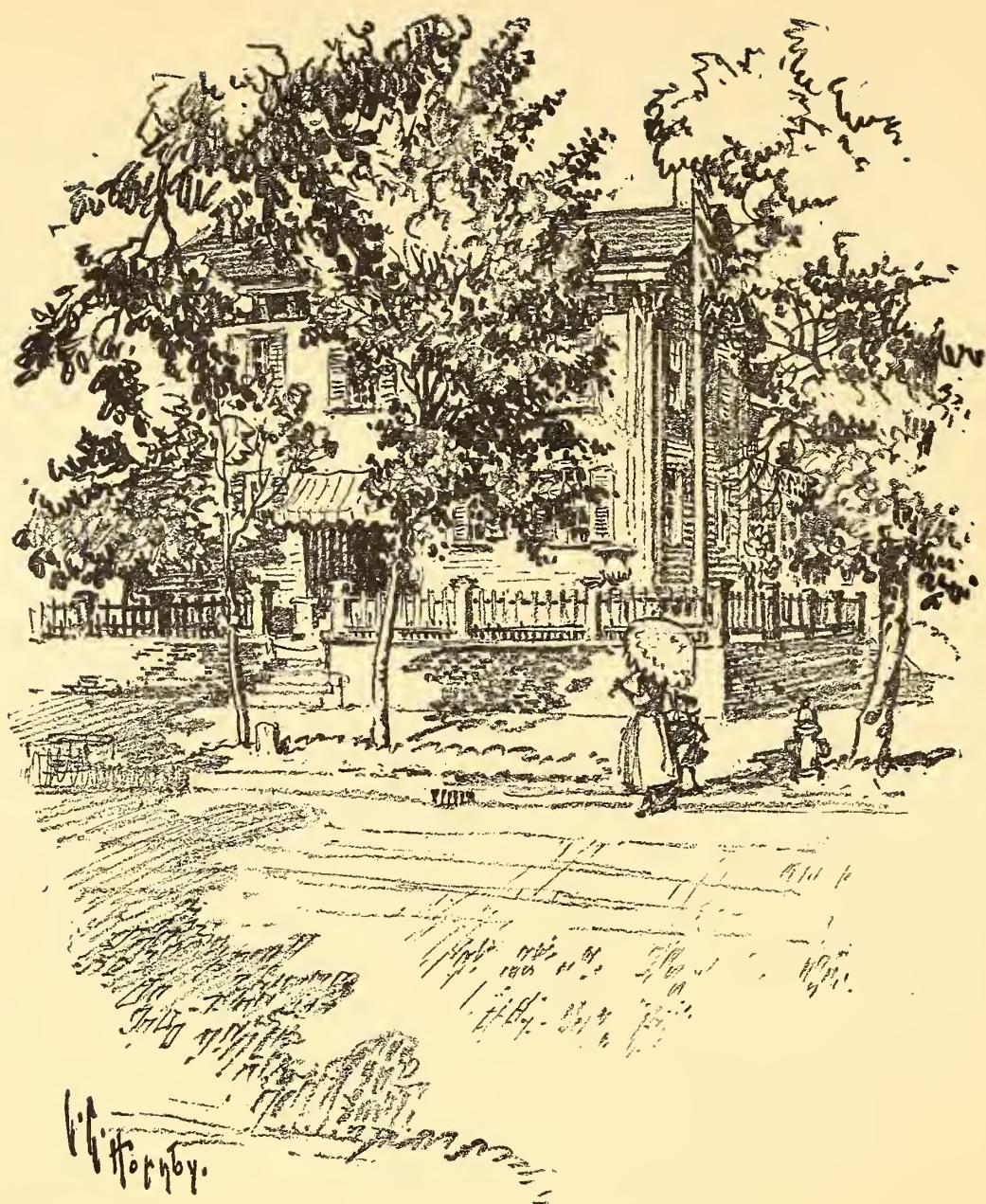
Lincoln in Illinois



THE OLD UNITED STATES COURT BUILDING IN
SPRINGFIELD, ON THE THIRD FLOOR
OF WHICH WAS THE OFFICE
OF LINCOLN & LOGAN



THE LINCOLN HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS
SPRINGFIELD



THE LINCOLN HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS
SPRINGFIELD

LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

BY OCTAVIA ROBERTS

DRAWINGS BY
LESTER G. HORNBY



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Foreword

WHEN I was a little girl and lived in Springfield, Illinois, I knew familiarly a large group of older folk, all of whom had known Lincoln. An uncle had stood guard over his bier, an aunt had sung at his funeral. Many of my grandfather's friends had been Lincoln's associates at the bar. Others had played cards with him in a certain old drug store that still remained. The younger of the older men of the town had been "Wide Awakes," and had marched in oilcloth capes in the campaign of '61.

The women, too, had their recollections of Lincoln. They had been to his house to call upon his wife, to attend receptions. A certain old lady of charming presence had seen him married and, on demand, could give interesting details of the occasion. The oldest of them all had seen him pilot the *Talisman* down the

Foreword

Sangamon, and remembered well that no one dreamed of inviting him to the ball that had celebrated that event.

Springfield, one might say, was permeated with the spirit of Lincoln. The house where I went to school with other little Springfield girls was the house in which he had been married. The desk in a corridor of the chief hotel, upon which we did not hesitate to perch at class dances, had been Lincoln's. The house where Lincoln had lived, and where his children had been born, was open to the public. One took country cousins to see its interior. The monument where he slept dominated the cemetery. The bristling groups of bronze soldiers at the four corners of the shaft were of endless interest.

The Springfield children learned to know Lincoln, therefore, from the stories of his neighbors and through his association with various places, long before they knew him from the histories. It was, I remember, with a feeling of

Foreword

surprise that I came upon his name in books. It was like coming upon a friend of every day riding in a barouche behind four horses. One preferred the friend and neighbor in a linen duster, a market-basket upon his arm. Moreover, the histories had little to say of Springfield, Lincoln's home for twenty years,—of Springfield, which seemed to us his proper background.

It is of the everyday Lincoln and his Mid-Western home that I shall attempt to write, in the hope that the memories treasured by his townsmen may not be wholly without interest to a wider world.

O. R.

BOSTON

November 29, 1917



THE ROAD ALONG THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM
OVER WHICH LINCOLN WALKED TO
BORROW LAW BOOKS

Contents

I. THE TALISMAN	I
II. NEW SALEM	II
III. MOVES TO SPRINGFIELD	29
IV. HOUSES LINCOLN KNEW.	45
V. THE LINCOLN HOME	63
VI. OLD STATE HOUSE	75
VII. LAST DAYS AT HOME	91
VIII. THE FUNERAL	109



STUART & LINCOLN'S OFFICE OVER THE FURNITURE
STORE, SPRINGFIELD

Illustrations

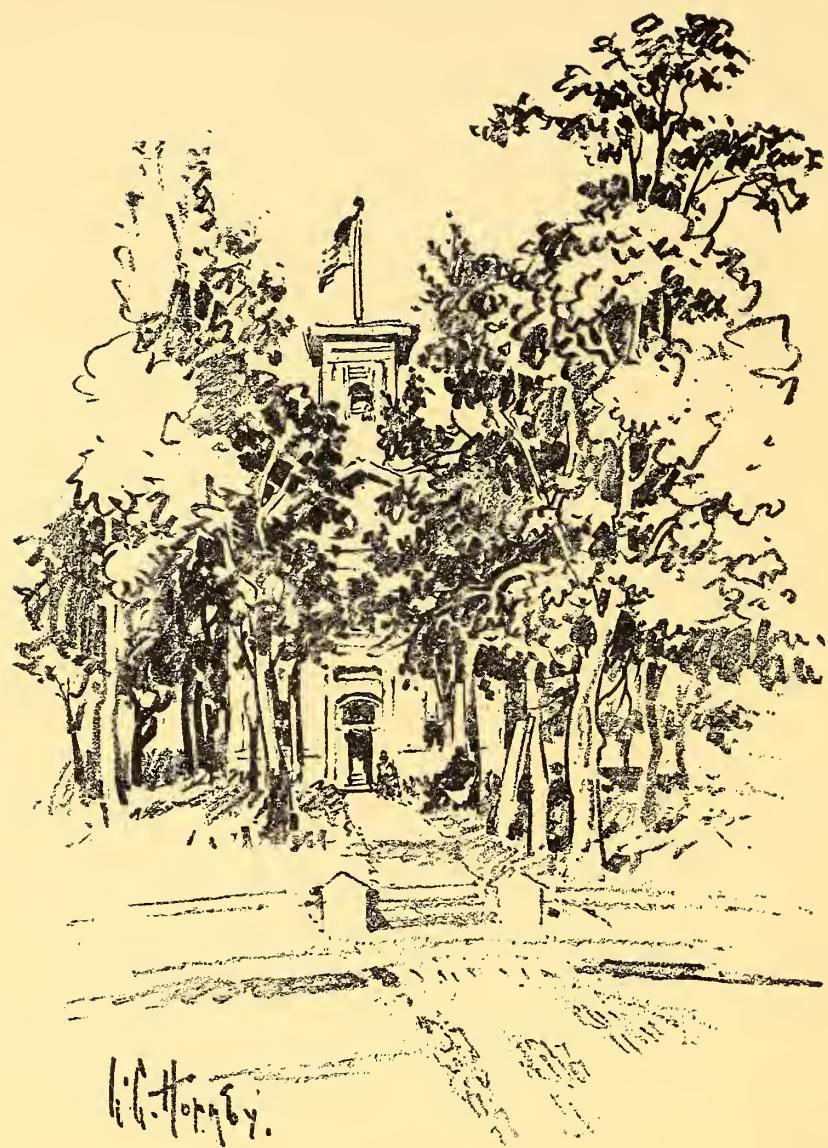
THE OLD UNITED STATES COURT BUILDING
IN SPRINGFIELD, ON THE THIRD FLOOR
OF WHICH WAS THE OFFICE OF LINCOLN
& LOGAN i

Illustrations

THE LINCOLN HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS, SPRINGFIELD. <i>Frontispiece</i>	
THE ROAD ALONG THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM OVER WHICH LINCOLN WALKED TO BORROW LAW BOOKS	ix
STUART & LINCOLN'S OFFICE OVER THE FURNITURE STORE, SPRINGFIELD	xi
A COUNTRY COURT-HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN ATTENDED COURT (<i>Mount Pulaski, Logan County, Illinois</i>)	xiv
ON THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM	I
THE BEND IN THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM WHERE THE MILL STOOD IN LIN- COLN'S TIME	6
THE TREE-SHADED PATH, NEW SALEM	II
THE LITTLE BRIDGE AT NEW SALEM	22
THE STATE HOUSE DOME FROM EAST CAP- ITAL STREET, SPRINGFIELD	29
OLD BUILDINGS OF LINCOLN'S TIME ON THE WASHINGTON STREET SIDE OF THE GREEN	34
LITTLE SHOPS OF OLD SPRINGFIELD	42
THE ROBERT IRWIN HOUSE ON FIFTH STREET	45
THE OWSLEY HOUSE	50

Illustrations

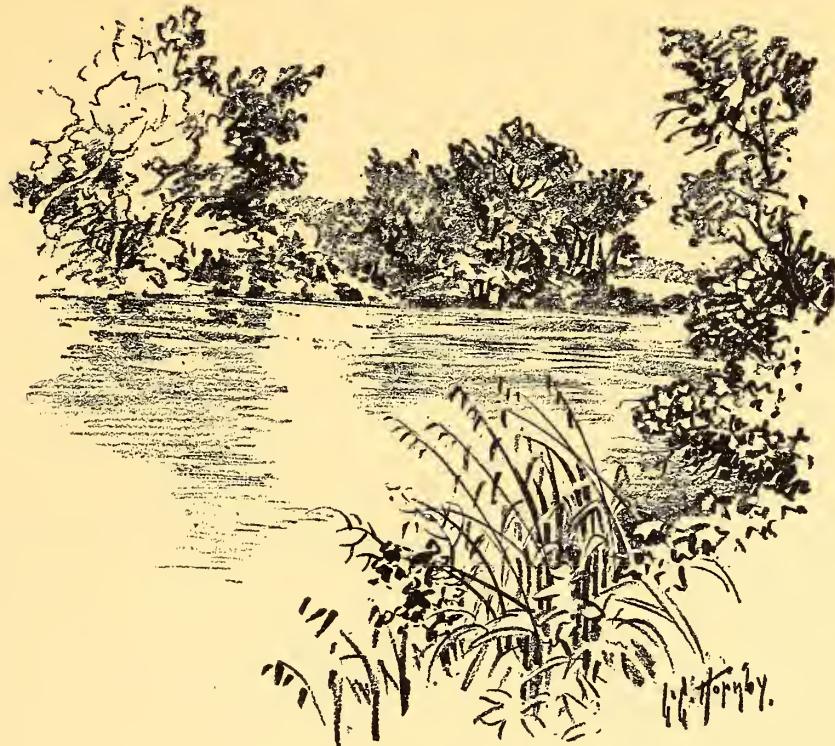
THE NINIAN EDWARDS HOUSE, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS MARRIED	54
THE BENJAMIN EDWARDS HOUSE	58
THE GLOBE HOTEL	63
A CORNER OF LINCOLN'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS	66
LINCOLN'S PEW IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH	73
THE OLD STATE HOUSE	75
THE ROOM IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE MOST IDENTIFIED WITH LINCOLN	78
THE STATION WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SPRINGFIELD .	91
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE HOUSE, WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED HIS "HOUSE- DIVIDED-AGAINST-ITSELF" SPEECH . . .	94
THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE, PETERSBURG	109
THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN SPRINGFIELD .	118



H. H. Hoppe.

A COUNTRY COURT-HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN
ATTENDED COURT (MOUNT PULASKI,
LOGAN COUNTY, ILLINOIS)

I. *The Talisman*



ON THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM

LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

I

THE TALISMAN

THE month is March in the year 1832. The scene is prairie land in the river bottom of Illinois. When the spring shall give place to summer, the prairie will be covered with grass so high that the head of a man on horseback will be barely discernible: but to-day a man on foot can be seen plainly, from the crown of his “coon”-skin cap to the edge of his buckskin breeches, though cap and feet are some six feet four apart.

The man who strides along the road is young — twenty-three years, no more. He is lean but wiry, a backwoodsman every inch of him. A man with a set purpose one watching him would say, as he strides on and on over the rough road

Lincoln in Illinois

that leads to a pioneer settlement on the Illinois River, called Beardstown.

Once in this town, he mixes sociably with the young men; tells them that he has come from the settlement of New Salem, on the bluffs of the Sangamon, to see the landing of the Talisman, a steamboat hourly expected from Cincinnati on her maiden voyage into the interior of Illinois. To further questions he answers that he was born in Kentucky, "raised" in Indiana; and that he has but recently come to Illinois to seek his fortune.

When at last the steamer, at four miles an hour, creeps into Beardstown and throws out her gangplank amid much rejoicing, the young stranger is the first on board. He seeks out the captain, explains that he has recently made a voyage from New Salem to New Orleans in a flatboat and knows the Sangamon, the tributary stream up whose waters the Talisman next proposes to go, as few men can claim to know it;

The Talisman

and he proposes himself as pilot to guide the steamboat up waters that only the hopeful call navigable. The name he gives the captain is an unknown one — Abraham Lincoln. The bargain is struck. The pilot's pay for the round trip from Beardstown on the Illinois to Springfield on the Sangamon is to be fifty dollars. Abraham Lincoln takes the wheel.

On and on goes the *Talisman*, creeping down the shallow stream, picking its way among the obtruding snags of fallen trees, avoiding the shallows. If the young riverman can make this voyage, the promoters of the expedition believe that the markets of the East will be open to Springfield and the adjoining settlements, for freight no longer will have to be hauled overland to St. Louis. A waterway will be established, between Cincinnati and Springfield, down a chain of rivers of which the Sangamon is the last.

On and on chugs the steamboat in the bright

Lincoln in Illinois

March weather, past groups of cheering pioneers, who, lined along the river's bank, use their axes to good purpose to clear obstructions in the way of the first and only steamboat that ever came up the Sangamon.

The inspirer of the expedition, one Captain Bogue, a mill-owner on the Sangamon, points out his mill as a likely landing-place; but the crowd on the shore is landmark enough to the man at the wheel, who has dwelt during most of his twenty-three years in lonely places. He looks with interest at the group of men, women, and children that line the shore, shouting and cheering in their delight to see a steamboat come up the Sangamon. Many are on horseback, but some — and the youth notes it with interest profound — are “flourishing in carriages.” One equipage has a lemon-yellow body, black leather top, and steps covered with carpet that can be lowered for a lady’s descent. Young Lincoln had not seen the like before.



THE BEND IN THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM WHERE
THE MILL STOOD IN LINCOLN'S TIME

The Talisman

The landing safely accomplished, the passengers, the captain, and the crew ride into town, to Springfield, two miles inland, over roads that test endurance. There they receive a royal welcome that finds expression in a public ball and private hospitality. Everywhere the occasion is celebrated with toasts and with song. Down the long years the voices float to us from the muddy, straggling street of the town and from the warm interior of the tavern, "Indian Queen." Some local rhymester has set new words to an old tune, and they take the public fancy and are lustily sung during the week in which the Talisman remains:—

"Oh, Captain Bogue, he gave the load,
And Captain Bogue he showed the road,
And he came up with a right good will
And tied his boat up to his mill.

"Now we are up the Sangamaw
And sure will have a grand hurrah,
So fill your glasses to the brim
With whiskey, brandy, wine, and gin.

Lincoln in Illinois

“ Illinois suckers, young and raw,
Were strung along the Sangamaw,
To see the boat come up the stream,
They surely thought it was a dream.”

But in one breast the song’s invitation to fill the glass meets with no response; for the pilot, “A. Lincoln,” as he signs himself, does not drink. He finds stimulation in other things, above all in talk, for which he often must have been hungry. He mixes with the men, swaps yarns, of which he has picked up an amazing store, widens his acquaintance materially; meets among others a stripling called “Bill” Herndon.

The rustic Lohengrin has no premonition that Springfield is to be his future home, that young Herndon is to be his law partner and biographer. For him the present doubtless is all-sufficient. He has earned fifty dollars. He is young, strong, and lithe. No man in his settlement is his physical equal. Life opens before him. He joins in the nonsense with the rest:—

The Talisman

“ Illinois suckers, young and raw,
Were strung along the Sangamaw,
To see the boat come up the stream,
They surely thought it was a dream.”

The song reminds him of a story. The crowd guffaws. It likes his mimicry and his humor. “Who is that long-legged fellow, anyway?” some one asks. The answer is: “A storekeeper from New Salem. He’s just come out for the Legislature.”

II. *New Salem*



THE TREE-SHADED PATH, NEW SALEM

II

NEW SALEM

IN the autumn of the year that had seen the Talisman come up the Sangamon, the young pilot of that expedition met political defeat. And, as he himself once said long afterwards in a campaign document, it was the only time he was ever beaten by the people.

Probably he found what consolation he could in the reflection that during the long summer, when the other candidates were free to campaign in their own interests, he was far away from his county, serving as captain of militia in a scrimmage dubbed the Black Hawk War.

In one of his few public utterances before his military duties took him from Sangamon, he had said: “I am young and unknown; I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walk of life. . . . If the good people in their wis-

Lincoln in Illinois

dom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

It was probably in the spirit of these words that Lincoln returned to New Salem and resumed his occupation of storekeeper, buying out one of the other merchants and entering into a partnership with a man named Berry. If he had been successful in this venture, he might have remained a country merchant, respected by his customers as a genial, honest man.

But Fortune had her eye on this young pioneer, with his quick wit, his analytical mind, his dogged perseverance. In spite of many disappointments she had let him suffer in his twenty-six years, she had no notion of forever "keeping him in the background." A copy of Blackstone in a barrel of rubbish was enough for her purposes. Young Lincoln came upon it there, turned the pages, cocked his feet above his head and began to read.

New Salem

Occasionally a customer dropped in, interrupting the reading and breaking the dreams that sprang from the perusal of those tattered old pages. When the customer left with his purchases of cotton chain and brown calico under his arm, the dreams sprang again into being, resolving themselves into a persistent question: "Could a man with scant education, no money, in debt, aspire to become a lawyer?"

"I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walk of life," the dreamer had said to the voters. He had but to drop his eyes to his toil-worn hands to know how true were his words. With those hands he could pitch more hay than any man in the vicinity. He could lift heavier burdens. His calloused palms and his great strength seemed to say that manual labor was his natural destiny. At this point he would put on his hat and go down the one little street of New Salem in search of his friend, Jonathan Miller, the blacksmith, to discuss with him the

Lincoln in Illinois

relative advantages of blacksmithing and the law.

While they two sit before the forge, debating the momentous question, let us look down the straggling street of cabins and make the acquaintance of some of the good men and women who were the early friends and neighbors of young Abraham Lincoln.

In the last cabin of the line, a double log house, we find Jack Kelso and his wife. Lover of the woods and streams is Kelso. He knows the spots where the black perch bite best, the trees where honey is stored. He can sit all day with his fishing-rod in hand and quote Burns and Shakespeare. Lincoln learns these poets from his lips.

To the right, near the Springfield road, the good doctor lives. A stern believer in temperance is Dr. Allen, an earnest religious zealot in a community that had none too much of religion. Near Dr. Allen lives Alexander Ferguson, the

New Salem

shoemaker; Martin Waddle, the village hatter; Henry Onstot, the cooper. A stone's-throw away stands the two-story log cabin where Lincoln boards and lodges.

The landlord, James Rutledge, and his wife and many children treat Lincoln more like a member of the family than a boarder. One of the daughters, Anne May, is destined to be immortalized in song and story as the beloved of Abraham Lincoln.

A graceful young figure she makes, in her homespun dress and moccasins, moving to and fro in the dim interior of the log house or bending over the open fire baking the cornbread for the tavern's guests. She had auburn hair and blue eyes and a sweet, fresh young voice. Often Lincoln and the other young men must have heard her singing at her work.

On the bank below New Salem, near where the mill grinds the grain, the schoolmaster, Mentor Graham, lives. He is destined to lend a help-

Lincoln in Illinois

ing hand to ambition. Under his charge, Lincoln studies Kirkham's Grammar, learns how to frame sentences — knowledge that shall one day bear fruit in a Gettysburg address.

A mile down the river dwells another good friend, Bolling Green, the squire, great of girth and great of heart. His buckskin latchstring is always ready to Lincoln's hand; a place awaits him at the hospitable board.

Two years pass, in which Abraham Lincoln slowly makes his way. In his twenty-fourth year he is appointed postmaster and thereafter he distributes New Salem's mail twice a week. He is dressed usually in flax and tow-linen pantaloons "about five inches too short in the legs," upheld, frequently, by one suspender. A calico shirt, coarse brogans, and blue yarn socks complete his costume.

The salary of the postmaster is as much too short for his needs as the tow and flax panta-

New Salem

loons for his long legs. He therefore welcomes a chance which presents itself to assist the county surveyor, John Calhoun. The pay promised the assistant, if he can master the principles of surveying, seems colossal — three dollars a day, the price of three weeks' board or of an acre and a half of rich land!

In his need of instruction, Lincoln well knows where to turn. He takes his problem to that good Yankee school-teacher, Mentor Graham, who had helped him master Kirkham's Grammar. The pupil and the teacher for weeks bend over the books far into the night. The only time they look up from the work is when Mrs. Graham reminds them that the wood is running low.

In the mean time Lincoln & Berry's general store has been rapidly sinking to extinction. Its collapse leaves Lincoln stranded in debt, the obligation of which he is doomed to bear alone, as Berry, his worthless partner, dies soon after

Lincoln in Illinois

the failure. And the burden is added to, in the beginning at least, by the necessities of the new position; for to be a deputy surveyor — although the new profession will yield three dollars a day — will entail fresh expense: a horse will have to be bought, instruments will have to be purchased; and, as yet, Lincoln can pay for these things only in promises.

His promises seem to be good, however. He obtains the necessary equipment, and from this time on works under Calhoun, enjoying, we can safely guess, the society of the man as much as he did the work in his new profession. For Calhoun, like Mentor Graham, is a person of some culture. He has studied law, taught school, and is quick and able in debate. Long years after, when Abraham Lincoln was measuring wits with Stephen A. Douglas,— the idol of Illinois,— he told a friend that he was less afraid of debating with Douglas than he was of doing so with the comparatively unknown John Cal-

New Salem

houn. "For Douglas will equivocate and Calhoun will not," he explained. And one of the pictures New Salem yields to us is Lincoln with Calhoun, this man who would not deceive, at work together. Boundaries were safe in the care of these two.

But New Salem is so rich in pictures of that early, formative period of Lincoln's life that, turn our eyes as we may, we are rewarded by some new vision of him. Even the roads have their memories. On the highway between New Salem and Springfield how often he could be seen trudging to and fro on the long walk to the larger settlement. After the purchase of his horse, he could cover the miles more swiftly. It was when he was mounted that he overtook a stranger on a much-jaded horse about fourteen miles from Springfield. They fell into conversation and Lincoln learned that the stranger was hastening to the Land Office in Springfield to enter his land before a false friend, who was close behind,

Lincoln in Illinois

could put in a prior claim. In a moment Lincoln was off his horse and had exchanged with the chance acquaintance, who, with a fresh mount, rode off joyfully, to succeed in his errand. This oft-quoted story must in justice be said to illustrate the general good-will between men in sparsely settled regions quite as much as it does the kindly, quick sympathy that beat under a certain homespun shirt.

Another New Salem road, not definitely identified, gives us an amusing picture of young Lincoln, illustrative of other traits. This time he is on a pleasure party. A company of young village people ride together, each girl boasting an eager, attentive escort. A Miss Owen, a visitor from Kentucky, had fallen to Lincoln's share. When the party were forced to cross a certain branch of the river, the young men embraced the opportunity to assist the girls in every possible way. Lincoln alone offered no such gallantry. The visiting Miss Owen, much incensed, said to



L.L. Honyby.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE AT NEW SALEM

New Salem

him, when he joined her after her scrabble over the branch, “ You are a nice fellow. I suppose you did not care whether my neck was broken or not.” “ I knew you were plenty smart,” said Lincoln honestly, “ to take care of yourself.”

He paid women in general the compliment of “ being plenty smart to look after themselves ”; for in a letter published in the Sangamon “ Journal ” in 1836, he stated boldly that he believed in admitting all whites to the “ right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).” He was at the time of this utterance already a legislator, having in a second attempt won that distinction. The rise in the world entailed, as each upward step had always entailed for him, yet more debt. He was forced to borrow two hundred dollars in order to travel decently by coach, dressed in proper attire, to the scene of his new labors.

On his return to New Salem from the State capital, Vandalia, he was greeted as a coming

Lincoln in Illinois

man — he who had climbed up that steep riverbank such a short while since, an unknown laborer on a flatboat. There was no more talk now of being a blacksmith. Toil there was to be for him in plenty, but never again was he to earn his bread with his hands. Eighteen years later he was telling the people: “There is no permanent class of hired labor among us. Twenty-five years ago, I was a hired laborer. . . . Free labor has the inspiration of hope.”

Perhaps it is because Lincoln’s story is overfull of discouragements and hardships that the biographers have lingered over a few months of happiness that Fate at last gave to him. He had long known Anne Rutledge, the young daughter of the tavern-keeper. He had known her as one knows a sister in the intimacy of family life. He had known her as a young girl sought by other men. One of them, a hard-headed young business man named McNamar, “with no more poetry than the multiplication table,” had won

New Salem

her promise to be his wife. It was this same man to whom Lincoln had once turned to correct the most glaring flaws in an early political speech. McNamar had left New Salem promising to write and to return soon. Time had gone on and he had not kept either promise. We can well imagine that the tender heart of the young postmaster must have ached for the girl when the weekly mails came in without the letters for which she waited in vain. From comforter he must have drifted insensibly to lover. In time his love was returned. Tradition gives us many a picture of the two: Anne at the quilting frame, Anne at the spinning wheel, Anne sweetly singing hymns, Lincoln ever near. Sometimes, by the light of the fire, they would bend over the precious Kirkham's Grammar. One night Lincoln wrote on the title-page in his clear hand, "Anne M. Rutledge is now learning grammar." The old book is still treasured by Anne's family, the name on the title-page still legible.

Lincoln in Illinois

The heat of the prairies can be pitiless. In the year 1835 the rain fell unceasingly, without cooling the air. Heat and rain were followed by a steam that seemed to exude from the earth's pores. The pioneers in the river bottoms shook and burned alternately with "fever and ague." In New Salem good Dr. Allen went from cabin to cabin ministering to the sick. Among those he could not save was young Anne Rutledge. One hot August day her neighbors laid her to rest in the pine coffin some one of the pioneers had fashioned.

It was Lincoln's first great grief. Dr. Allen found him broken with sorrow, shaking with chills and fever, and sent him to the good squire, Bolling Green, under whose hospitable roof he was nursed back to health.

The euphonious name, over whose syllables Lincoln's pen must have lingered lovingly when he wrote it in the old grammar, is all that is engraved on the boulder that marks the young

New Salem

girl's grave. Near by a birch tree is growing. To the pilgrim, as he glances back over his shoulder at the quiet spot, the birch, white and slender, is no unfitting reminder of the bride who was never to be.

Over eighty momentous years have passed since that sultry August. New Salem has long since vanished from the earth. The traveler who climbs the clay bank of the Sangamon in search of the lost town, finds nothing more, upon reaching the summit, than a deserted field, half woodland, half pasture. Of the cabins nothing is left but a few depressions among the briars. Down the street, where Kelso used to come whistling home with his catch of fish, a drove of horses crop the long grass. The silence is deep, broken only by the call of a blue jay.

And yet to the lover of Lincoln this forsaken field speaks of him now and always; for here, in the span of these few acres, he passed the form-

Lincoln in Illinois

ative years of his life. Here he found friends who helped him start on his long upward way, giving him work, lending him books and money, endorsing him for postmaster, sending him to the Legislature, and encouraging him by their almost unanimous vote. Well may the horses stray down the lost village street. Well may the jay build her nest in the crotch of the tree where Lincoln's store once stood. New Salem's work was done!

III. Moves to Springfield



THE STATE HOUSE DOME FROM EAST CAPITOL
STREET, SPRINGFIELD

III

MOVES TO SPRINGFIELD

WHEN New Salem helped to send Abraham Lincoln to the State Legislature, the sessions were held in Vandalia, a town on the western border-line of Illinois. It was generally agreed that a more central location for the capital was desirable; whereupon a bitter contest began for that honor, between a circle of prairie towns. That Springfield was chosen was due largely to Abraham Lincoln and eight of his colleagues, nicknamed for their stature “The Long Nine.”

It was natural that Lincoln should favor Springfield. It was situated conveniently near New Salem. It was the home of an ever-increasing group of new-made but valuable friends. Major Stuart, a lawyer of Kentucky birth, had been especially kind, lending his young friend law books and encouraging his ambition to enter

Lincoln in Illinois

the bar. William Butler, a Springfield citizen, was another new friend. Simeon Francis, the editor of the leading Whig newspaper, had shown more than a passing interest when, self-introduced, Lincoln had walked from New Salem to present himself in the editorial office. These men and others were all using their utmost influence to make Springfield the capital, so that by joining in their campaign, Lincoln was not only serving his own ends, but helping his good friends as well.

In the year 1836, when Lincoln was in the twenty-seventh year of his age and his second term in the Legislature, Springfield won the victory and became the permanent capital of Illinois. It is easy to imagine the welcome which awaited the men who were responsible for the town's good fortune. As an entertainment, not even the ball that was given in honor of the arrival of the Talisman had surpassed the banquet now given "The Long Nine." The pilot Lincoln,

Moves to Springfield

in his buckskin breeches, so shrunken that they did not meet his socks by several inches, had not been invited to the ball; but in the four years that had intervened since that day, Lincoln the legislator, in his “mixed jeans coat, clawhammer style, flax and tow-linen pantaloons and pot-metal boots,” had been making his way upward in the world. Consequently there was no more honored guest at the banquet at the Rural Hotel than the young legislator, “A. Lincoln, member from Sangamon.”

It was not long after this public rejoicing that Lincoln, his entire possessions in his saddlebag, came to Springfield to live. A few months previous he had been admitted to the bar, so that a change of residence was a necessity, as New Salem, flickering to its end, offered no future to ambition.

The Springfield that awaited Lincoln in '37 was a country town boasting less than two thousand inhabitants. It was built, in good Western

Lincoln in Illinois

fashion, about an open square, its mathematical center. This square was destined to hold the future State House. The streets of the town were laid out about the square with the accuracy of a checkerboard. They were unpaved, and in bad weather wagons sunk to their hubs in the black, sticky mire. Sometimes as many as a dozen overshoes were left sticking in the mud to show where ladies had attempted to pick their way over the crossings.

When the mud would permit, the young people of the town used to form in a procession nightly, every girl's arm tucked securely in that of a "beau," and thus mated, walk in the twilight down the cow paths. The men so outnumbered the girls that very small maidens were sometimes pressed into service. Later, when the twilight died, girls would place lighted candles in their windows as signals that they were at home to such of the beaux as cared to seek their society.



OLD BUILDINGS OF LINCOLN'S TIME ON THE WASHINGTON
STREET SIDE OF THE GREEN

Moves to Springfield

Around the central green of the town, a row of two-story buildings straggled. On the lower floors of these, the merchants and bankers transacted business. The lofts were used for family residences or for the offices of the professional men. In one of these upper rooms Lincoln commenced the practice of law as the junior partner of Major Stuart. In still another he found lodging with Joshua Speed, a young merchant of the town.

On the day Lincoln was admitted to the bar, he went to Speed's store of general merchandise to ask for sufficient credit to buy a bed and its furnishings.

“If my experiment as a lawyer is a success,” he said, “I will pay you by Christmas. If I fail, I do not know that I can ever pay you.”

Joshua Speed had but a slight acquaintance with this sad-faced, honest customer; but he knew of him favorably by hearsay as a “wonderful character” who could “outwrestle any

Lincoln in Illinois

man in the county" and who could "beat any lawyer in Springfield speaking."

Speed spoke impulsively, with generous ardor.

"I have a large room upstairs," he said, "with a double bed which you are welcome to share with me." And this, as a contemporary explained, "because Speed was a Kentucky gentleman."

Lincoln returned that courtesy of "the Kentucky gentleman" with a lifelong devotion. To Speed and to Speed only he confided his innermost feelings. In the letters that have come down to us, those to Speed are the only ones in which we find record of Lincoln's private life. To Speed he wrote of the troubled course of his betrothal to that woman who afterwards became his wife; after his marriage it was to Speed he wrote of his children. Not even the strain of opposite political beliefs as to the burning question of the extension of slavery could shake their friendship.

Moves to Springfield

Lincoln could always sign himself, "I am your friend forever." When he was President and uneasy over Kentucky's loyalty to the Union, it was to that tried and true old friend he turned. Again and again Speed was summoned to Washington. He had as much to do as any man with keeping Kentucky from secession. And for his services Speed asked nothing for himself. He continued to live out his days in Kentucky as an unassuming business man, "fond of flowers," they say, and "with a vein of sentiment."

But these days are all to come. Speed and Lincoln we are looking upon in their youth, lodging together like brothers over Speed's general store. In the evening they keep open house in the store itself. Here around the open fire in the rear all the young men of the town were prone to drop in to enjoy vigorous debates upon the live subjects of their day.

Our picture of this group would not be complete if we did not single out for particular

Lincoln in Illinois

mention a young man, several years Lincoln's junior, as short as Lincoln is tall, a young man equally ambitious, with piercing blue eyes, a wealth of thick curling hair and a leonine carriage of the head. He has been a fellow legislator with Lincoln in the Vandalia days, though as strong a Democrat as Lincoln was a Whig. At present he holds the position of Register of the Land Office. His name is Stephen A. Douglas. We shall hear of him again.

These young men of Springfield, around Speed's fire, are the whetstones upon which two of the group are unconsciously sharpening the mental weapons they shall draw against each other in days that are still to come. An evening of these debates would leave Speed and Lincoln still glowing, as, after covering the embers of the fire, they made their way to their cold bed in the loft above.

Later the two friends exchanged these crude quarters for a comfortable room in the private

Moves to Springfield

house of William Butler, a prominent citizen of the town, and Lincoln lived on here after Speed had given up his store and returned to his Kentucky home. The children of the Butler family remembered him as a delightful friend, always willing to toss boys and girls high up in the air in his sinewy young arms. When the oldest of them came down to breakfast in the morning Lincoln was usually to be found, warming himself before the comfortable glow of a Franklin stove, engrossed in the works of William Wirt. It was out of compliment to this interest that one of the Butler children was named after the famous jurist. Another boy was named Speed. The two perpetuated the memory of the friendship of the two young men sheltered under this hospitable roof.

It was before this time, in the very early days after Lincoln's removal to Springfield, that he wrote to Mary Owen, that young woman whom he had failed to help over the branch at New

Lincoln in Illinois

Salem: “This living in Springfield is a dull business after all, at least it is to me. I am quite as lonesome here as I ever was in my life. I have been spoken to by but one woman since I have been here, and should not have been by her if she could have avoided it. I have never been to church yet and probably shall not be soon. I stay away because I am conscious I should not know how to behave.”

Lincoln’s social deportment, never his strong point, it must be admitted, was at this early day sadly deficient. Poor, awkward, badly dressed, without the graces that appeal to women, no candle flickered its evening welcome to him.

It was either just before or just after he came to Springfield to live that Lincoln went to an evening party at Simeon Francis’s, the social polish, of which he felt the lack, still unmastered. Editor Francis lived on the northern outskirts of the town in a comfortable house which stood in a spacious lot that boasted a flower

Moves to Springfield

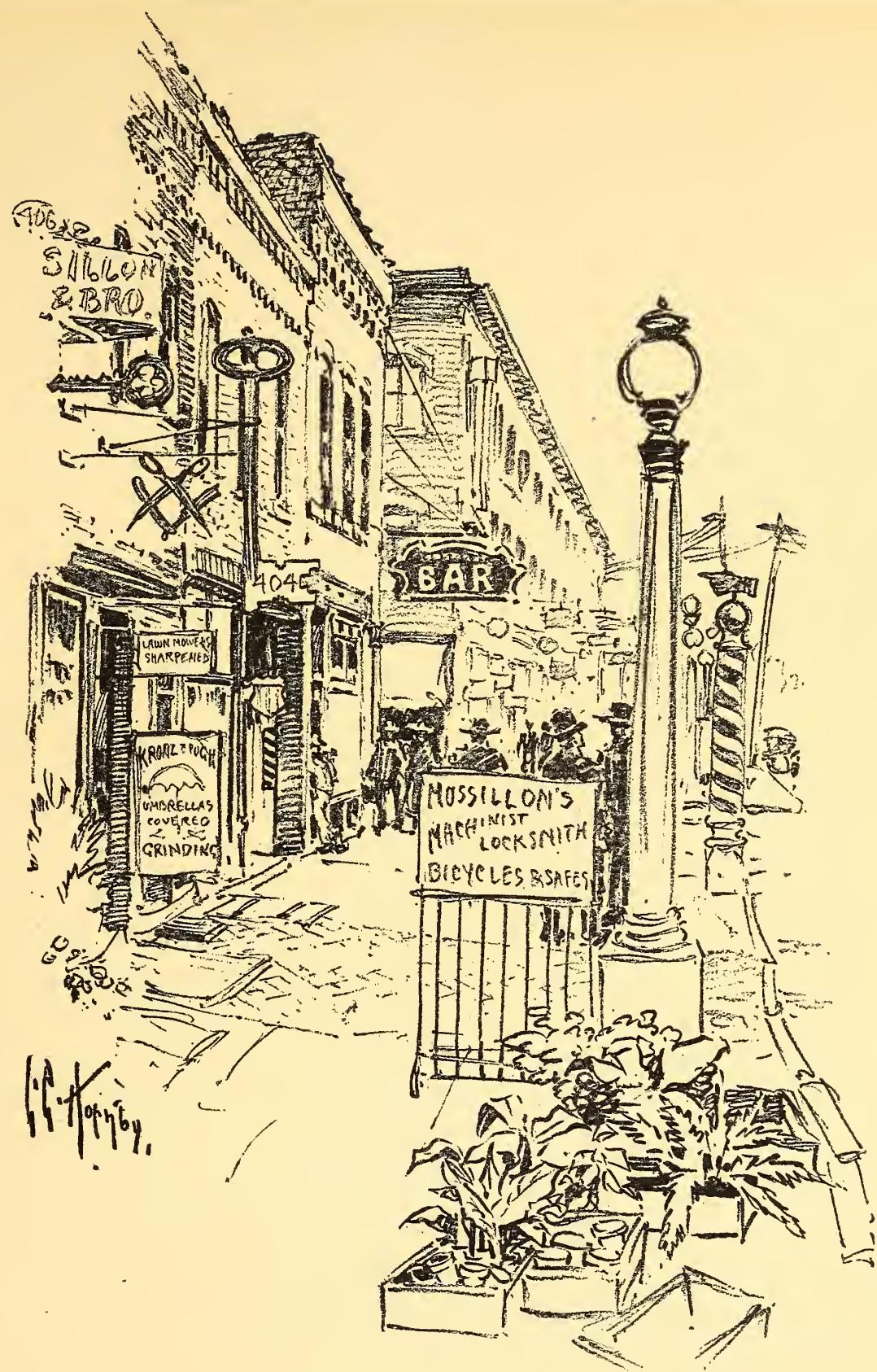
garden. In central Illinois, with its summers of scorching heat, gardens are not now common. In that early day the shrubs and flowers of the editor's garden were a matter of local wonder and pride. We can picture young Lincoln, therefore, on the night of Simeon Francis's party approaching this somewhat imposing place with feelings of mingled interest and timidity.

He pushes open the garden gate, and walks up the path to the door between the shrubs and flowers. A friend of Editor Francis answers for the remainder of the story. The door opens, Lincoln bows his head and enters. He hears laughter from within, the deep voices of men, the lighter voices of women. He catches sight of curls and ribbons, hears the swish of silk. Divining the countryman's embarrassment, Editor Francis hastens forward. His kind glance lights on Lincoln's face with its habitual expression of melancholy, then on his hat which still securely rests on his head. The editor smiles,

Lincoln in Illinois

and holds out his hand for this offending article. Lincoln smiles, too, and the smile lights up his plain face until it glows with warmth and life, as he places his hand in that of his host with a clasp firm and cordial, his hat still resting on his dark hair ! So he makes his *début* into Springfield society.

The Springfield which Lincoln knew has disappeared almost as completely as the New Salem which he left behind him. In Springfield, now grown into a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, progress has been as destructive as nature. The building in whose second story Stuart & Lincoln had their offices, and that other where Joshua Speed and Lincoln sat before the open fire of the store, are no longer in existence. The house of William Butler, where Lincoln lived after Speed had returned to Kentucky, has also gone its way. The house of Simeon Francis, with its shrubs and roses, has given place

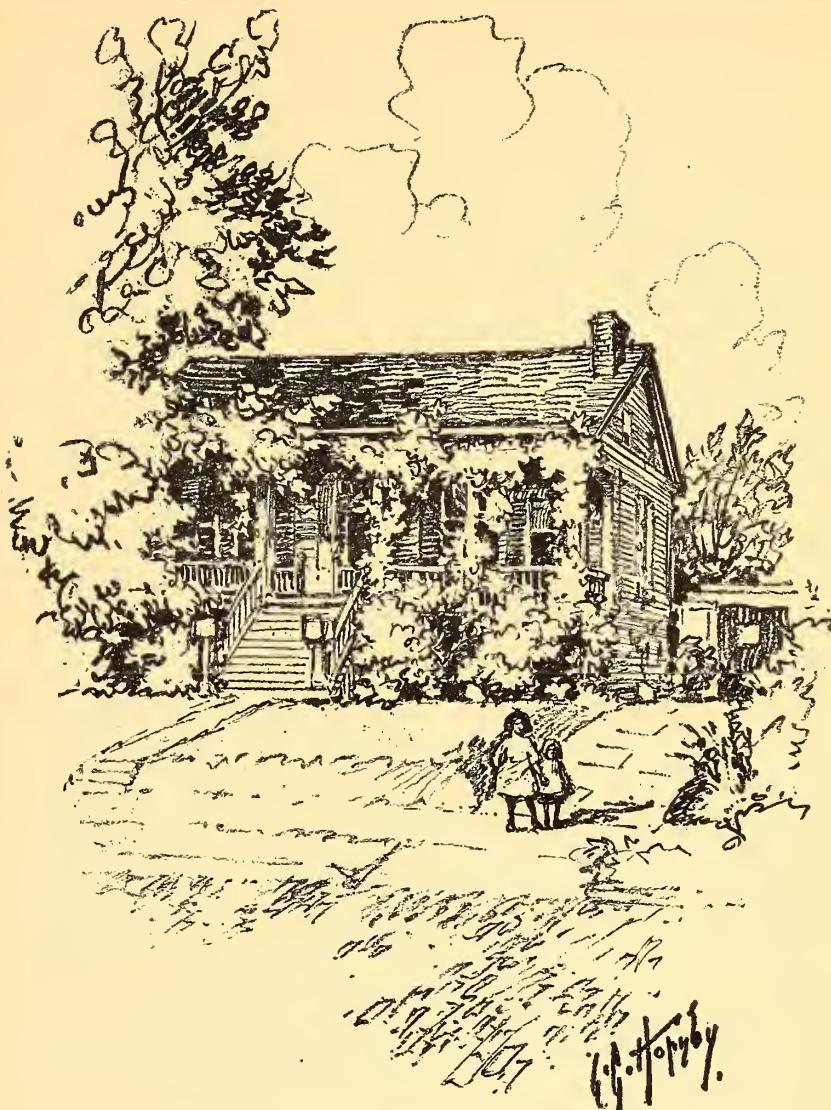


LITTLE SHOPS OF OLD SPRINGFIELD

Moves to Springfield

to a theater which claims that corner of the town. We may wander around the square, now neatly paved with brick, and, save for the old State House, look in vain for any of the landmarks that were in Lincoln's time. It is true, they say, that here and there the walls of some of the old buildings still stand, but in the Western passion to be abreast of the time fronts have been torn away and replaced twice and thrice. Glittering plate-glass windows, new doors, added stories, have so changed the appearance of the streets that Lincoln knew, that he himself might well feel lost should his astral form visit these scenes.

IV. *Houses Lincoln Knew*



THE ROBERT IRWIN HOUSE ON FIFTH STREET

IV

HOUSES LINCOLN KNEW

IN the residential portion of old Springfield, time has been a shade less cruel to the landmarks of Lincoln's day. Here and there we come upon houses which once knew his step, houses that opened their doors to him in friendly greeting through many years. This one, with the long steps and wide veranda mounted on its high English basement, was the homestead of Robert Irwin, a merry wag of a man who liked a good game of chess before the fire, who led the campaign singing for Lincoln in '61, making wry faces to amuse the crowd. He and Lincoln had many a chess game, many a laugh together.

Major Stuart's house, with its long veranda, its spacious rooms, has known little change. Stuart's friendship with Lincoln started long be-

Lincoln in Illinois

fore they became law partners. The two men served together in the skirmish known as the “Black Hawk War” and sat in the Lower House at Vandalia as fellow legislators. Nine years Lincoln’s senior, Major Stuart long outlived his friend. A distinguished Congressman, a polished gentleman of the old school, we see him yet, in fancy, walking the streets that Lincoln knew, with a courtly bow for high and low. He once said to a friend with some sadness: “I believe that I am going to live to posterity only as the man who advised Mr. Lincoln to study law and lent him law books. It is a little humiliating that a man who has served his country in Congress, as well as his State, should have no further claim to remembrance; but I believe this is so.”

The law firm of Stuart & Lincoln was not of long duration. When Stuart went to Congress in 1841, Judge Stephen T. Logan, the man who was accounted the best lawyer at the Illinois

Houses Lincoln Knew

bar, offered a partnership to Lincoln. Judge Logan "was small in stature, frail in constitution, with a piercing, deep-set eye." He taught Lincoln much law in the two years that they worked side by side. The house in which Judge Logan lived still stands in its ample grounds. An old lady, who was a child in Lincoln's day, remembered that while she was playing there with the Logan children Lincoln called to see the Judge. When he was told that the Judge was out, but would soon be in, he sank provisionally into a rocking-chair so much too small for him that his long legs were thrust out in a manner that made the children laugh. From this seat he watched their game of marbles for a moment or two, then asked for a taw and dropped on the floor among them. Here he was found by the Judge and his wife, and thus the old lady who told the story best remembered him. She used to conclude her reminiscence with a quizzical smile and touch of amusement: "Now, of course, people

Lincoln in Illinois

think of Lincoln as a great man, as great, I dare say, as Lord Palmerston ! ”

At one time almost every house in Springfield could boast of as intimate a remembrance; but one by one these old houses have made way for newer buildings. At this writing few that knew Lincoln’s step still stand. One that Springfield knows to-day as the residence of the late Bishop Seymour was in Lincoln’s time the house of John Owsley. Its classic white pillars, rising from the ground to the roof, reminded the passer-by that its owner, who was a Kentuckian, had tried as far as possible to make this new home resemble the Southern mansion he had left behind him. Lincoln was often a guest within these doors, though in his own Kentucky days such mansions as this had been all unknown to him. At a wedding that occurred here, Mr. Owsley’s young daughter was put in charge of two lively twin brothers. Just as the ceremony was about to begin, she missed them and searched for them



THE OWSLEY HOUSE

Houses Lincoln Knew

in vain until she spied their gleeful faces high above the crowd. And then she saw that her charges were perched on Lincoln's shoulders, from which vantage-point they enjoyed the ceremony.

The house that is richest in reminiscences of Lincoln stands next door to the Owsley home. It is an old brick mansion of mid-Victorian architecture which, when Lincoln came to Springfield, was one of the finest residences in the State. Already its days are numbered, but before it goes down before the pitiless demands of an expanding community, we may pause for its story, for the vision of the days when, with its conservatory, its rosewood and mahogany furniture, covered with haircloth or brocatelle, its gold-banded china and solid silver, its splendor was the pride of the countryside.

The owner of this house was Ninian Edwards, son of an early Governor of the new State of Illinois, and himself a politician of note. He

Lincoln in Illinois

had been a member of the Legislature several times and had borne an active part in the campaign to remove the capital to Springfield. Whether it was through association with Edwards in the Legislature, or through the kind offices of Speed that Lincoln first found his way to the hospitable Edwards home, is not known. It is more than likely that he made his first appearance there as a guest at one of the semi-annual receptions which Mrs. Edwards made a point of holding for the Legislature.

This lady, a Todd of Kentucky, was famous for her entertainments. Whether one was asked to the ball or the "promenade," the cheer was equally good. Fifty years after, when these parties were merely a memory, the hostess's salads were mentioned with respect; and the occasions when they were served were recalled with pride. That rural legislator who approached his hostess with, "I am obliged to leave on the nine o'clock train and would be pleased to have you

Houses Lincoln Knew

give me my supper early," crudely epitomized the general appreciation.

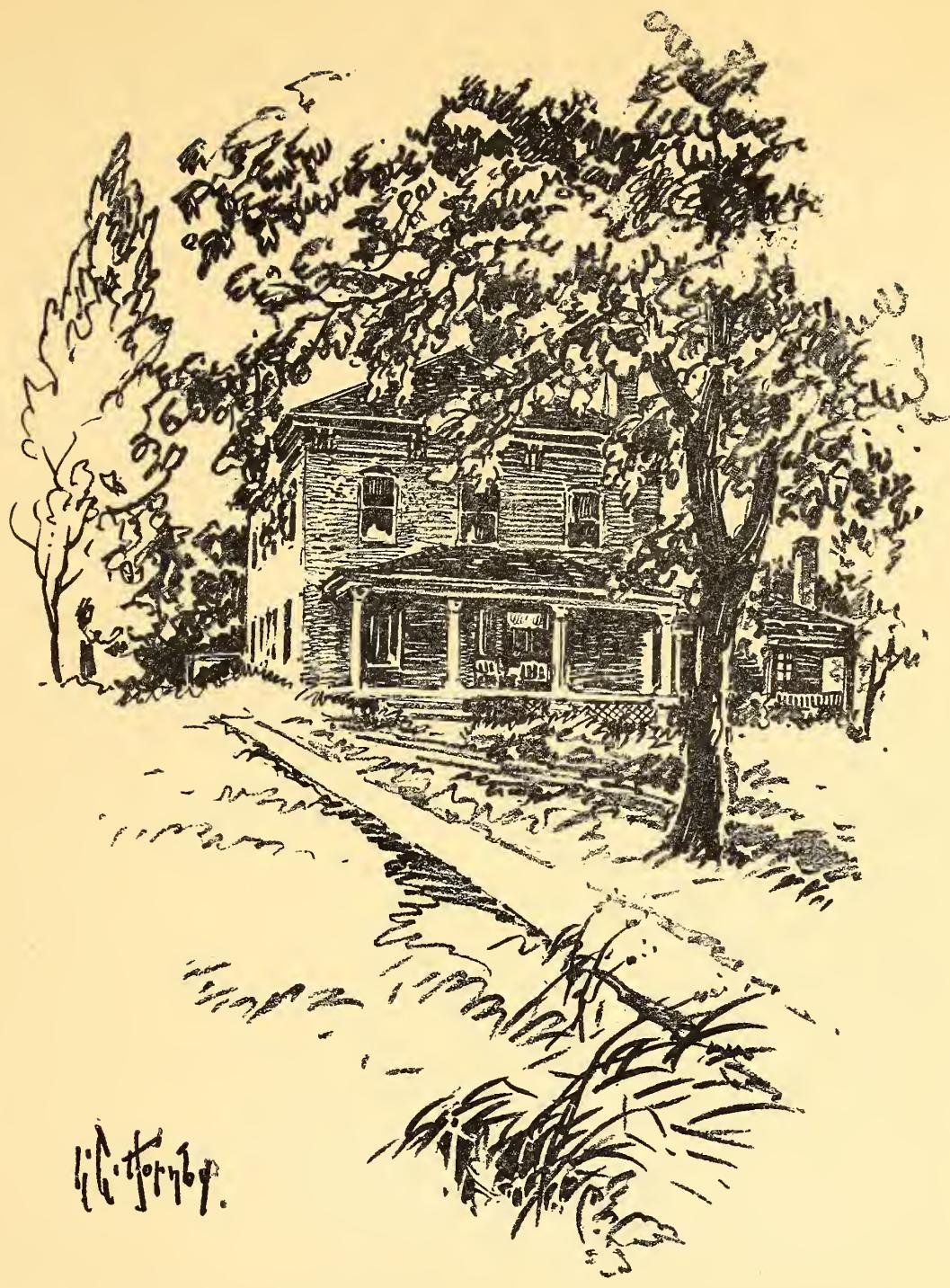
The attraction for Lincoln in the year '39, however, was neither the ball, the promenade, nor the cheer. His visits were plainly inspired by Mrs. Edwards's sister, Mary Todd, of Kentucky, a girl who had fled a stepmother to accept the shelter of a sister's home. She was a bright-eyed, well-educated girl with the reputation of a sharp tongue in a day when, as a contemporary explained, "a retort was well thought of." An old lady remembered vividly the evening party at which Mary Todd first appeared in Springfield in a dashing costume of white bobbinet with black velvet sash and tie. She used to smile slyly over the memory of some retort Mary Todd had made that very night to a young man who essayed a battle of wits with her. The party had been peculiarly marked for the old lady,—who was then a very young lady,—not only by Miss Todd's brilliant entry, but by the fact that

Lincoln in Illinois

upon this evening the first pyramid cake appeared.

What miraculous confections they were, those pyramid cakes of Mary Todd's and Lincoln's youth. Cakes of graduated size, placed one on top of another like children's blocks, composed the glistening whole. Four and five stories high they rose in frosted splendor in the centers of long tables. Thirty-six eggs could be used in their making. A morning was none too long for a child to wield a fly-brush while the icing dried.

The old lady who remembered the simultaneous appearance of Mary Todd and the pyramid cake could not recollect that Lincoln had been present at that first party. Stephen A. Douglas, one of the rising politicians of the State, was more likely to have been there. The third and last of Lincoln's future law partners, young William Herndon, may well have been among the guests. He tells, in his famous "Life of



THE NINIAN EDWARDS HOUSE, IN WHICH LINCOLN
WAS MARRIED

Houses Lincoln Knew

Lincoln," of dancing with Mary Todd upon another evening soon after and of unwittingly calling forth one of her sharp retorts. He was as a man and also as a writer much given to flowery language, with figures not always well chosen. In would-be gallantry he said to Miss Todd: "You glide through the dance with the ease of a serpent." With a flashing eye and a stern "An unfortunate comparison truly," Mary Todd stopped short.

This well may have been the beginning of a long misunderstanding between Lincoln's future wife and Lincoln's future law partner. Certain it is that they did not like each other and that Mary Todd has suffered grievously in Herndon's hands.

Apparently Lincoln gave no such offense. His visits were encouraged, even in those days when Stephen A. Douglas joined Miss Todd's train, paying her what the world of that day called "particular court." Both Lincoln and

Lincoln in Illinois

Douglas, in that rivalry which ran through their lives, had their turn sitting on the mahogany divans, upholstered in patterned haircloth, under the light of Mrs. Edwards's sperm-oil lamps. At the end of the year Lincoln was the victor, his engagement to Miss Todd being generally understood.

But the old house that had seen Lincoln's love-making and Douglas's "court," was to see also a girl's tears. The engagement did not run smoothly. A year and more of estrangement ensued during which Lincoln's step was not heard on the threshold nor his place claimed at Mrs. Edwards's hospitable board. More graceful figures than his sat beside Miss Todd on the slippery surfaces of the horsehair sofas.

The year of estrangement was perhaps the most wretched of Lincoln's life. Racked with doubts as to his own feelings, he seems to have been further distressed by his anxiety as to what Mary Todd might be suffering. He wrote out

Houses Lincoln Knew

his heart to Speed, and at one time went to Kentucky to pay him a visit. How it might all have ended we cannot guess, had it not been for the intrepidity of Mrs. Simeon Francis, the wife of the editor, who had long been Lincoln's friend. Perhaps she was the girl's confidante and knew her to be constant to Lincoln. Perhaps she had grown weary of the young legislator's woe-begone countenance. In any event, she boldly took fate in her own hands. She gave an evening party with the express purpose of bringing the estranged pair together. When they met, awkwardly enough, embarrassed to find themselves in each other's presence so unexpectedly, Mrs. Francis briskly crossed their hands, with "Be friends again," and left them to work out their own salvation.

Those hands were destined never again to be unlocked. In the weeks that followed, they used to meet in Mrs. Francis's pleasant rooms, safe here from comment and observation. One rainy

Lincoln in Illinois

morning—the 4th of November of that same year—Ninian Edwards appeared breathlessly at the house of his brother, Benjamin Edwards, an imposing mansion near the northern boundary of the town that to-day does duty as an art museum. His sister-in-law, a young woman lately from the East, hastened to welcome him.

“I met Lincoln awhile ago,” Ninian Edwards began at once, “and he told me that he and Mary were to be married to-night at the parsonage. I told him that this would n’t do, that if Mary was to be married, it must be from my house.”

The sister-in-law was silent, lost in astonishment. She had supposed that the engagement of Lincoln and Mary Todd had been permanently broken. She had been long enough in the West, however, to know that a hasty wedding meant much labor for the family in a town where the local confectioner’s stock consisted of nothing more festive than gingerbread and beer. She hastened to Mrs. Ninian Edwards’s, and, with



THE BENJAMIN EDWARDS HOUSE

Houses Lincoln Knew

the help of other friends and neighbors, a bounteous old-time supper was prepared.

When the guests arrived that evening, Mrs. Edwards was ready for them. Hams and cakes were arrayed on the sideboard in the fashion of the day. Mary Todd had borrowed a wedding dress of a sister and stood, with three bridesmaids, white and shining in conventional silk. The bridegroom, the lank "plebeian" who had won Mary Todd's heart, entered soon after with Mr. and Mrs. Butler, those friends who had shared their home with him since his early Springfield days. Only a short hour since, Mrs. Butler, resplendent in a green satin gown, had stood on tiptoe to tie the bridegroom's necktie, determined, perhaps, in her motherly care of him, that for once his appearance should defy criticism. The Butler children hung about him to the last. When the door closed upon him, they knew that he would not return to their roof again; the morning would not find him reading

Lincoln in Illinois

the works of William Wirt before the Franklin stove.

And so Lincoln, in his carefully tied cravat, stood by his bride between the folding doors of the wide double parlors, and made the solemn vows. “Love is eternal” was engraved on the ring he slipped on her plump little hand.

This was the greatest night the old house was ever to know, though the guests who fluttered about the bride were so all-unconscious of its importance. To them it meant only that Mary Todd had chosen to ally herself with a young lawyer with scarcely a penny to his name, his scanty income helped out by the *per diem* of a State legislator. They asked one another in whispers why Douglas had not been her choice.

In the long years between this day and Lincoln’s departure for Washington to be inaugurated President, he and his wife were many times to seek again this door; for Mrs. Edwards’s hospitality flowed on through the years, her spa-

Houses Lincoln Knew

cious rooms being ever thrown wide to welcome friends and honor renown.

It must have been some time after Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency that, at one of Mrs. Edwards's balls, a fiery Southern girl, visiting in the town, railed at "this Lincoln, who wants to put niggers on a level with white people." A laughing youth took her then and there to meet Lincoln, whom they came upon in a card-room, surrounded by his usual court.

Lincoln met the girl with kindness, and listened with patience, seeming to see reflected in her fury and misunderstanding the fury and misunderstanding of the South itself. He took the pains to explain his attitude on slavery quite clearly and plainly to her before she went back to her dancing. "I did not know Lincoln would be like that," was her contrite remark.

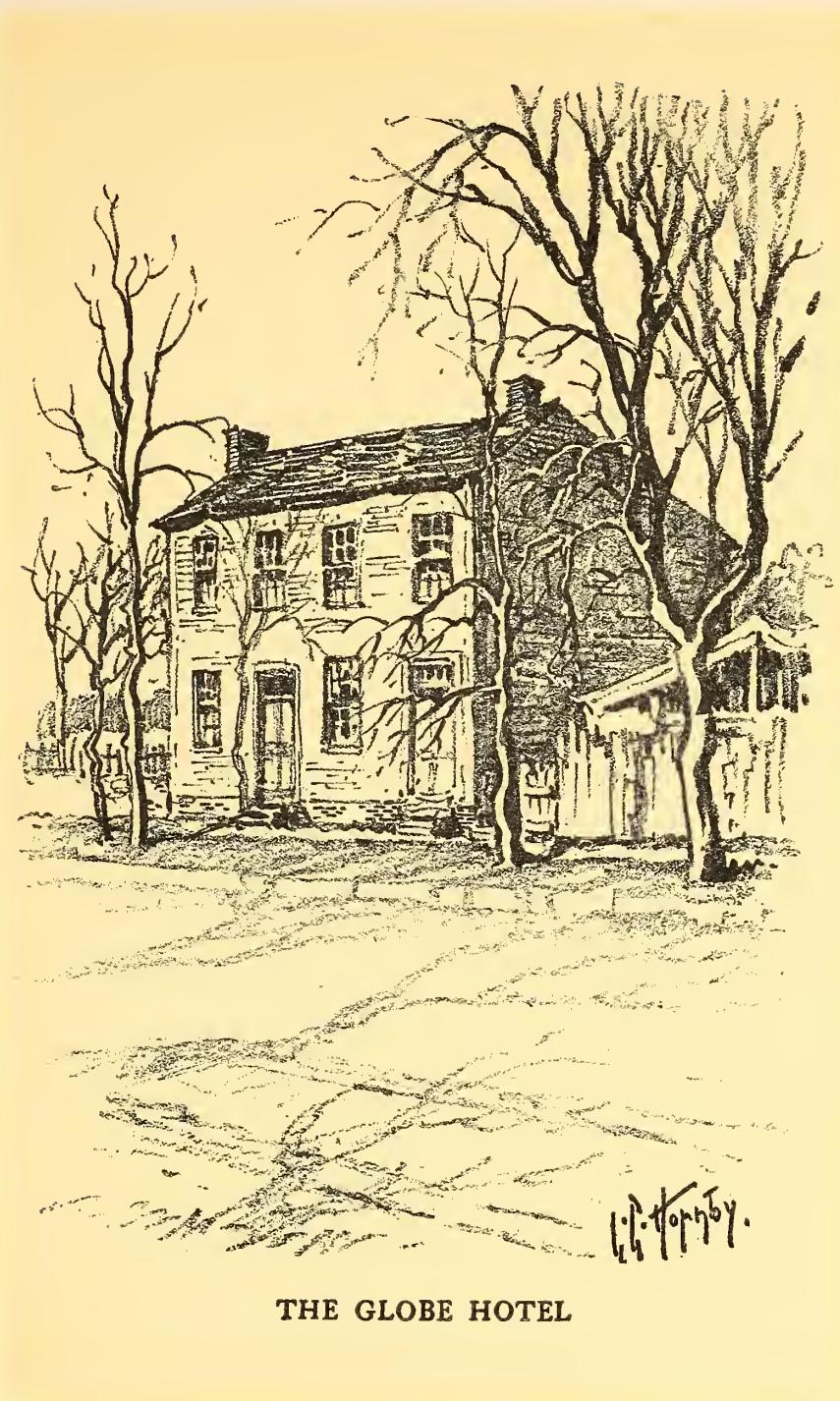
And that memory the house has folded away with many others — a mere sketch in its great book of recollections that ends with those days

Lincoln in Illinois

when Mary Lincoln came back to these rooms that had known her girlhood, to live out her broken days, shattered by the loss of her husband and three of her children.

She used to shut out the sun, choosing to live instead in the dim light of candles as if to say that their feeble flicker sufficed to light her on her way in these dark days of her life. Perhaps it was because to her darkened mind she found that, by shutting away a reality stern and grim, she could better lose herself in the visions of the past, when, gay, spirited, and happy, in white bobbinet and black velvet, she danced to the lively strains of the fiddles while the old house echoed her gay retorts.

V. *The Lincoln Home*



THE GLOBE HOTEL

V

THE LINCOLN HOME

ON the morning of his wedding day, Lincoln himself had sought out the minister, the Reverend Charles Dresser, and asked him to perform the ceremony. The minister was eating breakfast, in his modest one-story house at the corner of Eighth and Jackson Streets, when Lincoln arrived. Perhaps on this rainy November morning the parsonage's interior looked particularly homelike and inviting. In any case, then or later the house made its impression on Lincoln, for we find him, some sixteen months after his marriage, purchasing it for his own, paying from his hard-earned savings twelve hundred dollars spot cash and, in addition, conveying his sole piece of property—a lot in the business part of the town. Soon after he installed

Lincoln in Illinois

in this new home his wife and his infant son, Robert Todd.

The baby had been born in the boarding-house called the “Globe Hotel,” where Lincoln had taken his bride. This was the best boarding-house in town. One stayed there for the consideration of four dollars per week. But the days of boarding were now over. The father of a son desired a more permanent habitation. Thenceforth, for almost twenty years, the slim city directory contained the words: “A. Lincoln, attorney at law, residence Eighth and Jackson.”

The Middle West, in its haste to realize its future, has been all too prodigal with its historic landmarks: but the house where the Lincolns lived has been preserved by the State. The pilgrim finds it to be a frame house, harsh in outline, its proportions not improved by the second story the Lincolns added to meet the requirements of a growing family. It is perched



A CORNER OF LINCOLN'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT
EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS

The Lincoln Home

so near the edge of its terraced lot that it looks as if it might be about to leap the low wooden fence that encloses the grounds.

Here it was that the Lincolns lived during the greater part of their married life. Here were born to them three more children—all sons. Of these, the first had scarcely been laid in the mother's arms before Death had borne him out at the door. It was the first grief the new home had known. Mary Lincoln lay prostrate, turning from the food that was urged upon her; for hers, though a stormy heart, was deep and loving. And Lincoln, so we learn through the reminiscences of a neighbor, bent over her pleading: “Eat, Mary, for we must live.”

But this period of sorrow passed, to be succeeded by happier times, as we learn through scrapbooks and letters. Two more boys were born,—“Willie” and “Tad,” they were called. The noise of their play resounded through the rooms. Their games endangered the shells on

Lincoln in Illinois

the “what-not.” Out of the door they ran to meet a tall man ambling absently up the street with the plodding walk of one who follows the plough. With willing hands they helped him put up his muddy buggy and his horse, “Old Bob,” when, after long weeks on the circuit, Lawyer Lincoln came home. They were not afraid to play freely with the old green cotton umbrella their father placed in the rack, nor were they deterred by the badge of ownership, “A. Lincoln,” in great muslin letters, sewed firmly on its under side.

Perhaps because his public life necessitated so many absences from home (since his marriage he had sat in Congress, campaigned for Clay, ridden the circuit, and run for United States Senator), Lincoln did not assume the rôle of patriarch, preferring to leave the children’s discipline to their mother. When three-year-old Robert had run away, Lincoln had written to Speed: “By the time I reached the house, his

The Lincoln Home

mother had found him and had him whipped, and by now, very likely, he has run away again."

According to old stories, the children were more severe with their father than their father was with them. One of the friends with whom Lincoln customarily played chess, used to relate grimly of how tiny Tad had once swept the chessmen from the board, so ending the game, when his father failed to heed his summons to come to dinner. "And Lincoln never said a word. He took the child's hand and went home!" Thus the story used to end.

Lincoln's neighbors used to recall him walking about the streets, a boy on either side. Sometimes they went for groceries—it was before "free delivery"; sometimes they went to the drug store where the men played chess and had soda water — without ice-cream, of course,—the ice-cream soda was unknown. Lincoln's partner, Herndon, used to complain that the boys spent

Lincoln in Illinois

Sunday mornings in the office, spoiling pens and tossing about books and papers, with never a word of admonition from their father.

It was on a Sunday after his nomination for the Presidency that Lincoln deserted his boys and went to church himself. When Tad missed his playfellow we do not know, but it was some time during the sermon when he strayed down the aisle, disheveled, ungartered, and very grimy, innocently seeking his best friend. Mrs. Lincoln, elegant in ashes of roses, spread wide over hoops, a lace shawl drooping from her shoulders, her white gloves crossed complacently on the widths of rich silk, flushed until the color reached her new white bonnet; but Lincoln himself, uncomfortable in his Sunday suit that would ride up around his neck when he sat down, stretched out a long arm and gathered Tad into its shelter while Mrs. Lincoln reflected that he never had and never would care for appearances.

Perhaps this was due to the old easy life of

The Lincoln Home

the flatboats and the circuit. Certain it is that he would open the front door to guests ; he would take certain liberties with conventions at the table, and once, yes, so they say, he took off his great shoes and warmed his stocking feet at the stove during court. On another occasion, some ladies who called at his house one hot summer evening found him lying full length in the front hall. Not at all abashed to be discovered thus, Lincoln ushered them in with “ I’ll trot the women folks out.”

This must have been before the days when Mrs. Lincoln had for a servant a little Portuguese girl, who, outliving them all, added her humble recollections to the store of reminiscences of the family life. Of Mrs. Lincoln the old woman said, with a shake of her wizened little head: “ She taka no sassy talk, but if you good to her, she good to you. You gotta good friend.” Of Lincoln she had more to say: “ He so kind. When he come in he taka the chillins.

Lincoln in Illinois

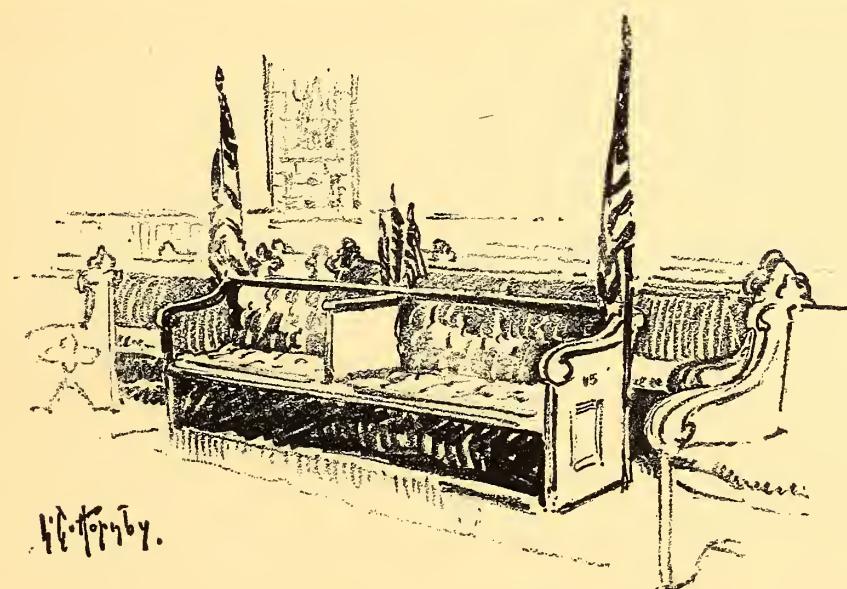
They no 'fraid of father. He so kind. He choppa the wood for fire, and little Robert choppa the little wood. When he passa me, he patta my shoulder. I worka for him."

For Lincoln's dress she would apologize. "He no style, no verra style. He wear just old plugga hat, and shirt on this-a-way." Her gesture indicated a garment awry. In a final effort to sum up her impression of Lincoln's character, she raised her eyes to the picture of the family group that hung on her cottage wall, and, in her scanty English, she said: "Mr. Lincoln no verra style. He just common, like some one that is poor."

Hundreds of travelers come yearly to visit Lincoln's home. In the guest-book presidential candidates have left their signatures; literary men their tributes. Between the acts of their plays, actors have stolen time to seek the house. But the great bulk of the pilgrims are plain and

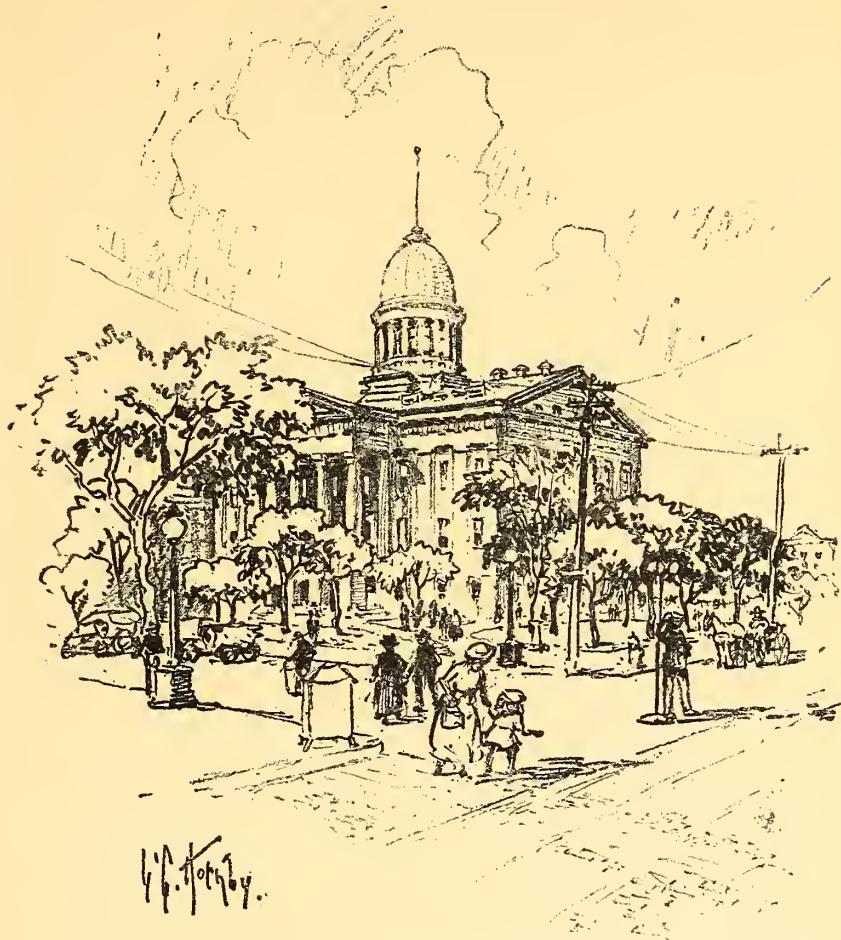
The Lincoln Home

humble folk. Old slaves have come to drop upon their knees in prayer. A youth who had beaten his way across the country on freight cars appeared one day, ragged and cold, to pay his poor respects; for had not Lincoln known what it was to be ragged and to seek work from town to town? It would seem as if the spirit of Lincoln still animated the house; as if Democracy still opened the door; and that pilgrims rejoice, like the old woman who had been his servant, that he "had no verra style," that "he was just common, like some one that is poor."



LINCOLN'S PEW IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

VI. *Old State House*



THE OLD STATE HOUSE

VI

OLD STATE HOUSE

IF the stark little frame house on Eighth and Jackson Streets reveals to us, at our knock, Lincoln the private citizen, so, in equal measure, the old State House gives to us many a clear-cut picture of Lincoln the public man. Within its stout walls of that pleasant-toned fossil limestone that was taken in '37 from a quarry on the outskirts of the town, we can see in fancy the gaunt face and tall figure of Lincoln in every shadow; we can with no great difficulty imagine him strolling through the legislative halls in the early forties with a contemplative pride in their splendor. For it was Lincoln and his colleagues, we will remember, who, through wire-pulling, maneuvering, and personal influence, made Springfield the capital of Illinois.

Lincoln in Illinois

The old State House is the monument that marks the success of their efforts. From the very day of its completion to the day when Lincoln left Springfield forever, after his election to the Presidency, this building was linked in innumerable associations with his name. Here we find him, as State legislator, as orator on many an occasion, as candidate for United States Senator, and again as Republican nominee for that position six years afterwards. We discover him here in 1861 in an upper chamber put at his disposal by the Governor, where he could receive the long line of office-seekers, well-wishers, and delegations who came to pay their respects to the President-elect. Last of all we behold him here, stretched in death on the palanquin they had fashioned for him in that Hall of Representatives that had so often echoed with the laughter provoked by his humor and the demonstrations of enthusiasm awakened by his courageous utterances of immortal truths.



THE ROOM IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE MOST IDENTIFIED
WITH LINCOLN

Old State House

Since that day the old State House has known many changes. In 1867, some twenty years after its erection, it was sold to the county, the growing State demanding larger quarters. In 1899 the county in turn had outgrown the building. With a respect none too common in the Middle West, the County Commissioners determined to enlarge but to preserve the historic landmark. Thereupon, with the best intentions if not the best architectural results, they constructed a new foundation to serve as ground floor, and onto its shoulders, with no slight skill, lifted bodily the old State House. And thus, even though the old Greek lines were lost, the State House with all its rich memories was saved. The interior is largely unchanged. The square rooms, with their long windows, used now for the county's courts, yield to the sympathetic imagination many a vanished scene.

The year 1854 is rich in momentous occasions. Feeling was running high throughout

Lincoln in Illinois

the country, for the Missouri Compromise, that law which had long limited slavery to a certain well-defined area, had been repealed. The Nebraska Act, as the bill which had accomplished this was called, gave the inhabitants of the new territory the right to choose for themselves whether or not slavery should be permitted within its borders.

The author of this dangerous bill we have met before. He is none other than Stephen A. Douglas, fellow legislator with Lincoln at Vandalia, one of the young men who used to debate around Speed's open fire, rival with Lincoln for the favor of Mary Todd. Since those days his ascent in the world has been steady. He has been Secretary of State in Illinois, Judge of the Supreme Court in that State, and he is now in his second term in the United States Senate. How paltry Lincoln's few honors — his single term as Congressman and his four terms as State legislator — look beside these glories. It is in

Old State House

his role of Senator that Douglas is in Springfield defending his bill.

Our curtain rises on the day immediately following the one on which he had made an eloquent address. On this very afternoon of October 5 the crowds assembled in Springfield for an annual State agricultural fair have been promised that Douglas's arguments will be answered by Judge Lyman Trumbull, an Anti-Nebraska Democrat of prominence.

And now Fate intervenes for Abraham Lincoln. Trumbull is prevented unexpectedly from coming to Springfield, and the committee rethink them of a certain Whig lawyer, prominent in the State Legislature, who had been dropping out of politics during the past six years. He consents to take Trumbull's place.

The Hall of Representatives is the scene of Lincoln's entry into the great controversy. What a contrast he presents to the "Little Giant." Douglas, well-dressed, haughty, and imperious,

Lincoln in Illinois

sits on the clerk's platform as Lincoln, stoop-shouldered, long and lank, with a "quizzical, pleasant, raw-boned face," rises and bows to the crowd that packs the room to bursting.

Lincoln begins by complimenting his distinguished friend, reminding the audience that he had not had the wide experience of Judge Douglas in public life, and that, therefore, if he should misstate any fact, he would be very much obliged to the Judge if he would correct him, a humility strangely reminiscent of a Roman speaker who had reminded the crowd, "I am no orator as Brutus is." Perhaps Lincoln and Jack Kelso had read that speech together.

The "Little Giant" is gratified by this proper deference. He rises and announces with senatorial dignity that he will not interrupt the speaker until the close of his remarks. And then Lincoln launches into the masterly review of the legislation on slavery. How convincing his earnestness is! The beads of perspiration

Old State House

drop from his brow as he throws his head this way and that like a projectile. "Not a graceful figure, yet not an ungraceful one."

Douglas soon forgets his promise not to interrupt. He is constantly on his feet in defense of his bill. Surely the Whig lawyer can find no answer to his thundering assertion: "The origin of the Nebraska Bill was this, sir, God created man and placed before him good and evil and left him to choose for himself. That was the origin of the Nebraska Bill."

Lincoln pauses, the "picture of good nature and patience," a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth parts his lips. "I think, then," he says drolly, "that it is a great honor to Judge Douglas that he *was the first man to discover the fact.*"

And the long roar of appreciation of the crowd warns the irate judge that this Whig lawyer, whom he has so distanced in the world, is no mean antagonist.

Lincoln in Illinois

Perhaps his success in holding his own so easily with the famous Douglas caused Lincoln to decide to run for the United States Senate himself. For the term of Douglas's colleague, General Shields, was about to expire and it was this vacancy that Lincoln determined to try to fill.

"You used to express a great deal of partiality for me," he wrote one political friend. "Some friends here are really for me for the United States Senate, and I should be very grateful if you could make a mark for me among your friends."

A month later he wrote to another politician, "I have really got it into my head to run for the United States Senate, and if I could have your support, my chances would be reasonably good."

In February of the new year, 1855, the battle is on. Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Democrats, and Whigs all have their candidates. Again the

Old State House

scene is the old State House. In joint session the Assembly meets in the Hall of Representatives to ballot for Senator. We shall do well if we can find a place in the gallery among the ladies in their full-flounced skirts, mantles, and pelisses, the fashionable ones in bonnets, set far back on the head, faced with roses and ribbons.

That short, round-faced little woman is Mrs. Lincoln. The tall and stately beauty, surrounded by her handsome daughters, is Mrs. Mattison, the wife of the Democratic Governor. Rumor has it that Governor Mattison's name will be sprung as a candidate at a crucial moment. His views on the extension of slavery have been kept purposely vague.

Down comes the Speaker's gavel. The momentous call of the roll begins. Abraham Lincoln is in the lead with his forty-five votes as against the Democrats' candidate, Shields, forty-one, and Lyman Trumbull's, the Anti-Nebras-

Lincoln in Illinois

kans', paltry five. The Democrats would rather that Lincoln, the Whig, were elected than the stern-faced Trumbull from the bolting wing of their own party.

Plainly Lincoln is the favorite. A lady in the gallery whispers to another that Lincoln's sister-in-law, Mrs. Edwards, is to give a reception on this very night to celebrate the victory. How Mary Lincoln will enjoy standing in line. She will know how to look the part of a Senator's wife.

And yet, as the hours drag by, Lincoln's victory becomes less sure. He does not add to those forty-five votes. Steadily they slip away from him. Trumbull's five have swelled to five times the number. And now the Democrats withdraw Shields and bring forward Governor Mattison for the final rush.

The light of the February afternoon has waned. The gas has been lighted in the great central chandelier. The galleries are now packed

Old State House

to suffocation. In another moment Mattison will be elected. How the eyes of his handsome family sparkle!

Fifteen Whigs stick stoically to Lincoln. Among them we mark the quaint figure of Judge Logan, for a short time Lincoln's senior partner in the practice of the law. He has sharply chiseled features, deep-set eyes, and a firm slit of a mouth. His mouth is firmer still when Lincoln bends over him and urges the Whigs to swing their vote to Trumbull. Logan gives up hope with an effort. He will obey, but not without protest.

“Better Trumbull than Mattison,” Lincoln urges, and the Whigs, who have withdrawn for conference, file back into their seats. On the next ballot they cast their full strength for the man who began the day with five votes. It is all over. The Democrats have been ignominiously defeated. “Hurrah for Trumbull!” shout the crowds as they pour out into the bleak rawness

Lincoln in Illinois

of the February night, the Democrats looking more woe-begone than the Whigs.

An hour later the society folk are tripping in at Ninian Edwards's door, the ladies in tulle and silk festooned with garlands of flowers, many of them with headdresses of lace. By the side of the host and hostess the Trumbulls stand, receiving the good wishes and congratulations of their friends. Then Lincoln enters the room, his wife at his side. Plainly he is very tired, but he reaches out his great hand in a warm, generous clasp. "Not too disappointed to congratulate my friend Trumbull," he says.

Years have passed. The Whigs have vanished. The Republican Party has been born. For Senator it has just nominated Abraham Lincoln as the "first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for United States Senator as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas." Thereupon they adjourn until evening.

Old State House

It is the Senate Chamber that can boast of being the background for this occasion. For there it was, at eight o'clock, that Lincoln arose and began that memorable address which his friends had warned him would lose him the Senatorship; which Time has proved eventually elected him to the Presidency.

Let us summon from the past his tall figure as he mounts the platform; let us listen for the first notes of that effective falsetto in which he habitually opened a speech. The words come slowly as if the speaker sent them rolling down the ages:—

“Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it.”

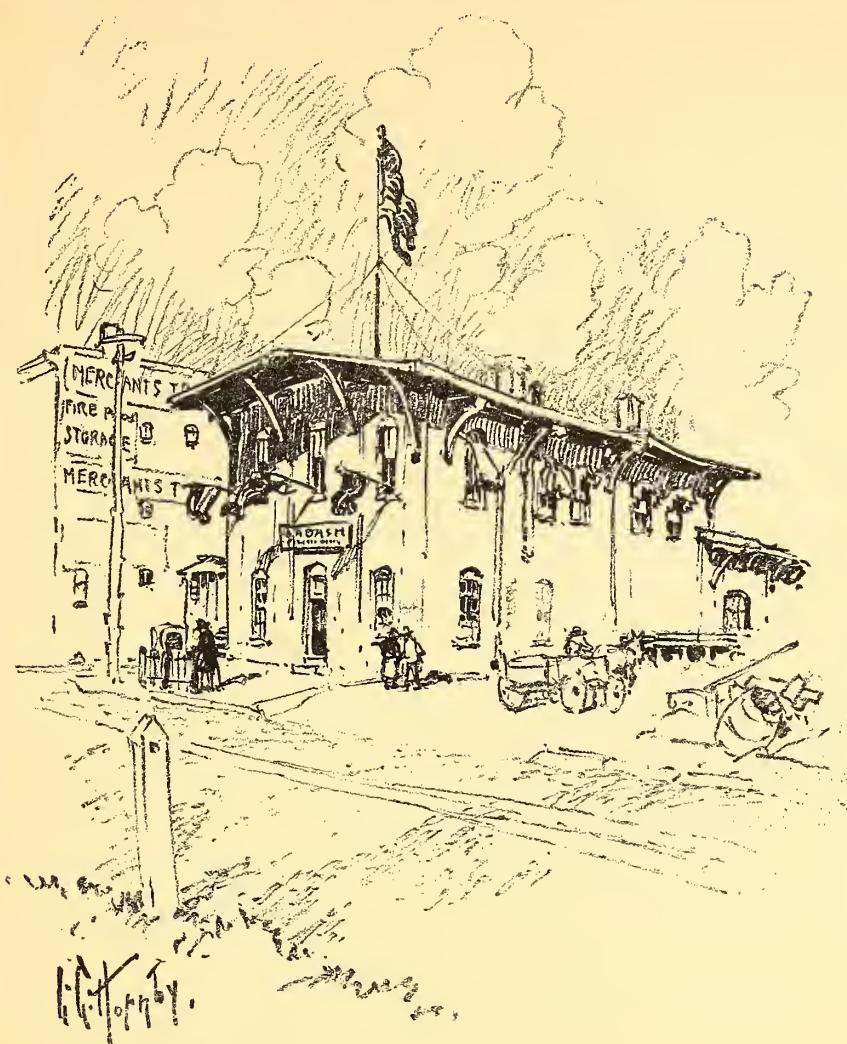
And then: “A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this Government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the United States to be dissolved. I do not

Lincoln in Illinois

expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided"; and so on to the end.

A jewel box of memories is this old State House, over which we might linger indefinitely; and chief among its treasures is the recollection of that glorious day when a strong man arose, and in defiance of advice, uttered the immortal words that presaged the end of slavery.

VII. *Last Days at Home*



THE STATION WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED HIS
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SPRINGFIELD

VII

LAST DAYS AT HOME

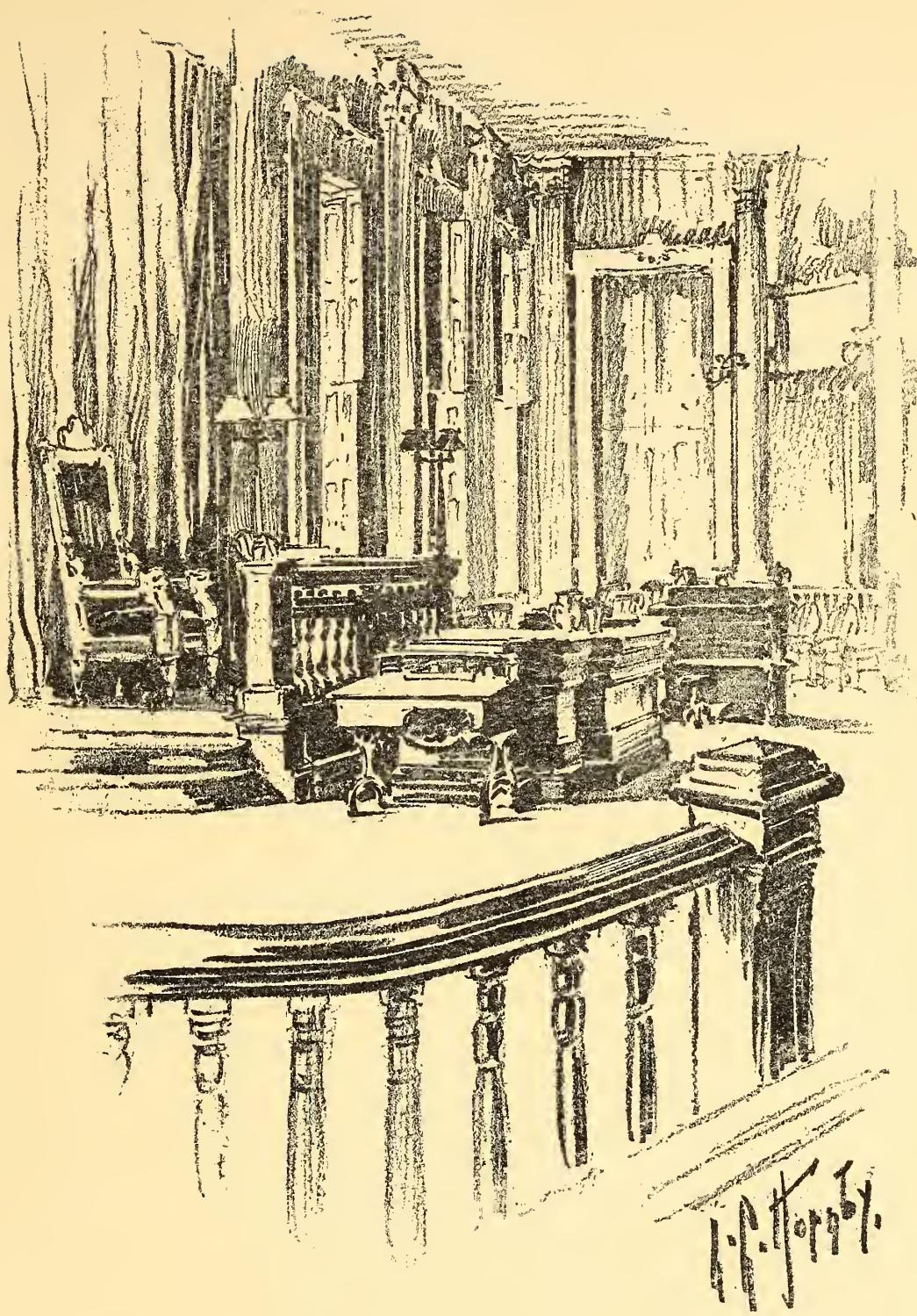
THE walls of the State House which in June had echoed Lincoln's great speech, "A House Divided Against Itself," resounded all too soon the huzzas of the Democratic legislators who, seven months later, returned Douglas to the United States Senate. The preceding summer had been filled for both Illinois's great contestants, during their seven joint debates, with the adulation of crowds, the crash of country bands and the flare of bonfires. For Douglas these demonstrations culminated in a triumph that swept him back to Washington; for Lincoln, they ended in a defeat that returned him to his law practice with an empty wallet.

That the long night of political death had set in he may well have felt, when every printing-

Lincoln in Illinois

house in Springfield refused to publish the speeches he had so lately delivered in this momentous campaign, with the cold defense, “There would be no demand for such a book.” In those days Springfield seemed still a long way from the Eastern States, so that it was natural, perhaps, that the local printers should not know how widely Lincoln’s fame had traveled, how sure it was to grow. In the two swift years that followed they were to learn the extent of his growing reputation, for, as we know, a bare year and five months had gone by after Douglas’s election to the Senate, before the Republican Convention in Chicago had nominated Lincoln to the Presidency.

When the news that Lincoln had been nominated was flashed over the wires to Springfield, the little city of less than ten thousand inhabitants was shaken with excitement. Every one tried to be the first to tell his distinguished townsman the news. Many believed they were



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE HOUSE, WHERE LINCOLN
DELIVERED HIS "HOUSE-DIVIDED-AGAINST-ITSELF" SPEECH

Last Days at Home

the first to gasp the words, “Mr. Lincoln, you’re nominated”; which accounts for conflicting stories as to when and where and from whom Lincoln learned of his victory. Men who had been boys on that day long liked to relate the story of how Lincoln played at ball with them, when a messenger brought him a telegram that caused him to exclaim hurriedly, “Boys, I have to get out of this,” and to disappear in the direction of the “Journal” office.

That this telegram was not the decisive one seems certain; for other witnesses take up the tale at this point and tell of the editor of the “Journal” rushing into the newspaper office, where he found Lincoln and about twenty other men waiting for news, with still another message. The editor was a man of slight physique, and what with his excitement and his running, a mere ghost of a voice issued from his stiff, white lips when he attempted to wave the telegram over his head and shout the news. A

Lincoln in Illinois

young lawyer named Zane was obliged to cry for him: “Three cheers for our next President.”

And then Lincoln went home to his wife, stopping all the way to shake the hands of well-wishers, with his hearty “Well, we’ve got it.”

From this time on until the day of his election in the following November, Springfield was to thrill with the long-drawn-out excitement of being the home town of a presidential nominee; and the still greater experience, between the day of his election and his departure for Washington, of being the home of a President-elect.

At the mere mention of ’61, how the pictures flash into life! We see the silk-hatted delegation arriving from Chicago to make formal announcement of the nomination, tramping up the steps of Lincoln’s modest home, filing into the drawing-room as the small Portuguese servant swung wide the door for their entrance. There, unawed by the “what-not” and the gold-

Last Days at Home

bound books on the center table, they await Lincoln's entrance. They look him over critically as he comes toward them. How awkwardly he moves! The caricatures, then, have not exaggerated his grotesque appearance. But wait! He begins to speak, and his face lights up with inner fire. The choice of the party is not so hard to understand.

And what a glorious day was that of August 8 of this same momentous year, when Lincoln's candidacy was celebrated by two monstrous processions. From all over the State the farmers poured into the town, each delegation striving to outdo the others with its emblems. Let us imagine ourselves somewhere on Eighth Street, near the Lincoln home, pushing to the edge of the sidewalk to watch the delegations go by. The fog of the early morning has rolled away. The day is warm and pleasant. A group of young men have brought a cannon to fire in honor of Lincoln. They have gone to his

Lincoln in Illinois

house and asked him to give it a name. "Mary Lincoln," he gallantly christens it, and "Mary Lincoln" it is, lifting up its voice, as she has ever done, to praise her husband.

The bands are crashing out their campaign tunes. Rivers of men are pouring down the street in an unbroken stream. See this great ball a group of enthusiasts are rolling through the dust, with the words "The Republican Ball Is In Motion" painted upon it. So it is; and "Honest Abe," or "Mr. Lincoln," as his townsmen always call him, has given it momentum. Here is a banner emblazoned with

"The people mourn insulted laws
And curse Steve Douglas as the cause."

We're not so sure about that. Many an onlooker on that day means to cast a vote for the "Little Giant." Here is another attempt to voice assurance:—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,
We link-on to Lincoln, our fathers were for Clay."

Last Days at Home

The woolen mill's float carries a power loom which is actually weaving jeans cloth. Before the procession is over several yards have been woven, and straightway are cut and made up before the eyes of the crowd into a pair of pantaloons to be given to Lincoln, to remind him, likely as not, of the day when jeans were good enough to wear in the early Assembly of Illinois.

Here comes a club proud to celebrate Lincoln's humble origin. Its float represents a flat-boat. Another float, just coming around the corner, shows us the rail-splitter at work. What faith it gives many a lad in the Republic to realize that America's ladder can be scaled from the bottom rung to the very top!

For those of the spectators who stand near the Lincoln house there is a fine moment when Richard Yates, the candidate for Governor on the ticket with Lincoln, leaves the procession to shake Lincoln's hand as he stands on the stoop

Lincoln in Illinois

reviewing the parade. When they call on him for a speech, he depicts for them his first meeting with Lincoln in the early New Salem days, told of finding the young storekeeper and farm laborer at the house of Bolling Green. The marchers were largely farmers, as the men must ever be in the great grain State of Illinois. They knew what it had cost to wrest success from narrow circumstances. And when Yates, with dramatic effect, concluded: "I shook hands that day with the future President of the United States, and he — shook hands with the future Governor of Illinois," they roared applause.

When the Republican victory was assured, the following November, the town of Springfield made a last effort to show its joy. Lanterns were hung out from every house, candles flickered in the windows studding the small panes with light, the old State House shone with tapers from basement to dome. Night was night in those times. No winking, crawling electric signs

Last Days at Home

broke the darkness. No arc lights sent their circular glare from street corners. Street lamps were lighted in the dark of the moon, but at all other times the shadows were thick under the maples that bordered the wide Western streets. A thousand candles pricking the night with their yellow points gave, therefore, a gala effect now hard to realize.

A few nights later the Lincoln homestead opened its doors to townsfolk and legislators. Hundreds of men and women streamed in at the door to shake Lincoln's hand. Many had known him as a struggling lawyer; still others as store-keeper and surveyor; some even as pilot in those old days of obscurity already so hard to credit. Not all who shook his hand on that night had been his well-wishers during the heat of the campaign; but once the issue was over, pride in a townsman took the place of rancor and Democrats vied with Republicans in crushing in at the door. Among them was a young girl who a few

Lincoln in Illinois

days before had penned in her journal, now yellow with age, these words:—

“Wednesday morning we heard of Mr. Lincoln’s election. We are disappointed, for we had hoped that such a man as he, without the least knowledge of state affairs, without any polish of manner, would not be sent to be the representative of this great nation. I tremble for our country. I hope foreigners will not judge us by our head.”

On the day after the “levee” the same girl wrote:—

“We dressed for the reception. We found the house crowded, but did not know any of the persons, as all of our friends had been there earlier. I had some conversation with Mrs. Lincoln. She was dressed in a pearl-colored moiré antique and point lace. Mr. Lincoln looked handsome to me. His whiskers are a great improvement, and he had such a pleasant smile I could not but admire him.”

Last Days at Home

It is good to remember Lincoln thus in the hour of victory, clasping one by one the hands of his townsmen with that “pleasant smile” that dissolved prejudice; good to remember Mary Lincoln in her “moiré antique,” with a “delicate vine arranged with much taste in her hair.” With one of the newspaper correspondents, let us pronounce her truly “a lady of fine figure and accomplished address.”

There was, of course, a procession to celebrate the election, with the usual oilcloth capes and flaring torches. A fine pen picture of Lincoln is preserved for us in the files of the “*Illinois Journal*,” the newspaper that had supported him so loyally and so long, showing him stepping out before his residence and saying, in response to the crowd’s call for a speech:—

“Friends and fellow citizens:— Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. In all our rejoicing let us neither express nor cherish any harsh feeling towards any citizen

Lincoln in Illinois

who by his vote has differed from us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling."

At the same time Governor Yates was speaking down in the town at the "Wigwam," the rude building erected for the political meetings of the day. What fine, prophetic words his were! "I repeat," his words rang out, "that so firm is my belief in the integrity, in the purity of motives, in the patriotism of Mr. Lincoln, yea, I believe there is a providence in it [the victory], and that Mr. Lincoln is raised up for the crisis as Washington was raised up for the Revolution."

And from all parts of the old Wigwam Lincoln's townsmen cried: "So do I! So do I!"

On February 11, in the following year, Lincoln started for Washington. The rain was falling on the streets he had known so long.

Last Days at Home

Through the mist he could see the State House which his early efforts had brought to Springfield, the drug store where he and his friends had played their chess and cards together, the court-house where he had tried his cases.

At the station he found a crowd of friends who reached out eager hands for a last greeting as he and his suite passed through their midst to the waiting train. He had not planned to address again those who had so often heard his voice, but the demand was so insistent that he came at last to the rear platform, and, looking down into their faces, through the rain which was now falling fast, spoke “slowly, impressively, and with profound emotion,” these words: —

“My Friends:— No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a

Lincoln in Illinois

young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

"We have known Mr. Lincoln many years," Simeon Francis's newspaper said next day, "we have heard him speak on a hundred different occasions, but we never saw him so profoundly affected nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and of the hour. . . . At pre-

Last Days at Home

cisely eight o'clock, city's time, the train moved off bearing our honored townsman, our noble chief, Abraham Lincoln, to the scenes of his future labors and, as we firmly believe, of his glorious triumph. God bless honest Abraham Lincoln!"

A portion of the railroad station of that day still stands, doing duty for a freight depot. Here the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed a tablet recording Lincoln's farewell to his townsmen — the last words from his lips Springfield was ever to hear. Let us remember them with gratitude and, as we picture him standing on the platform of the car, the rain falling with the tears of those who had known him longest and best, let us say with the files of the old newspaper: "God bless honest Abraham Lincoln."

VIII. *The Funeral*



THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE, PETERSBURG

VIII

THE FUNERAL

ILLINOIS can lay no claim to the next four years of Lincoln's life, when he guided the Nation through waters as shallow and past snags as great as those of the Sangamon up which he had once piloted the Talisman. The days of the Civil War are the Nation's. They belong by right to all the people. They are written in characters imperishable, for the world. To Illinois,—above all to Springfield, so rich in intimate associations,—Time vouchsafed just one more page to the book of memories. The day of Lincoln's burial was hers.

It is May, '65. The season is well advanced; the heat already equals that of midsummer. On every train, in buggies, on horseback, the crowds are pouring in to Lincoln's home town. The

Lincoln in Illinois

hotels are full. There is not an extra room to be had in the city. The last cot is occupied. The churches, the public halls, throw open their doors. Even so, the streets are filled with people who can find no place to lay their heads all the long night through. A little city of ten thousand cannot hope to shelter these many delegations from the army, from the navy, from the bench, and from the various States, to say nothing of the great hordes from the farms, who have come to Lincoln's burial.

The shock of the assassination had left the nerves of the people raw and quivering, especially here in Lincoln's home town, where so many had known him as friend, neighbor, townsman. "Lincoln's dead and I'm glad of it," cried a young clerk of Southern sympathies, in fierce allegiance to defeated issues. He escaped only with his life. The Mayor, on horseback, was obliged to ride straight into the crowd to his rescue. A French workman in Alton, the Illinois

The Funeral

town where Lincoln and Douglas had held the last of their debates, did not fare so well. When he, too, expressed exultation, his fellow-workmen struck him to the earth with an iron bar, and he was borne away on a litter.

A boy named Edmund Beal, who witnessed their rage, was among the many who poured into Springfield for the funeral. An Alton carpenter who was to assist in decorating the capitol and the tomb had asked the boy to go with him and help in the work. And so it came about that the boy played an important though humble part in making ready for Lincoln's terrible home-coming. He helped swathe the State House in long sable "droops"; he helped to construct the dais where the body was to rest in state; he worked two long days and one night without stopping, building the seats for the great choir of three hundred who were to sing at the cemetery. Because he was young and lithe, he was given the task of crawling out on the roof of Lincoln's

Lincoln in Illinois

house to shroud that, too, in black. The woman who rented the house told him that his "droops" were not well spaced, and in order to help him she went to a storeroom where Lincoln's desk still stood, and got him Lincoln's two-foot rule for a guide. "You may keep it," she said, when the task was done; and that rule the boy treasured for years.

These preparations were all made under pressure, for there had been great uncertainty where Lincoln was to rest. His wife at last decided that he should lie in no special plot of ground set aside for his glory, but in the town's graveyard, with his friends. When at last all was ready, the boy with the ruler was as tired from all his work as Lincoln, at his age, often and often must have been from toil. Many others were equally weary, but at last the town was ready.

How somber it looked! Never in all the times Lincoln had pictured it while he was in Washington could he have dreamed of it thus; of these

The Funeral

stores where he had bought his meat, his bread, his drugs, looking now so strangely unfamiliar in their weeds. Some of them displayed cards among the sable drapery, bearing his beautiful words: “With malice towards none; with charity to all.” One merchant expressed the heart of all the town in his “Ours in life; the Nation’s in death.”

Yes, theirs he had been, indeed. Scarcely a man in all the countryside who did not have some personal memory of Lincoln. Trivial yet pertinent things they were that they told to each other when, the great funeral train at last having pulled in, the poor corpse lay on its dais in the Hall of Representatives, while the crowds, six abreast, poured into the hall through all one day and night.

“I passed him one day in that vacant lot near where the Wigwam stood,” one man said. “It had rained, then grown warm again, and as we passed, some corn, that grew there, crackled the way

Lincoln in Illinois

corn does in the heat. He did not bow to me, but he said, with a kind of funny smile, ‘The rain makes the corn laugh’; and now, whenever I hear corn crackle like that, I ’ll think of him. ‘The rain makes the corn laugh,’ he said; and that ’s the last word I ’ll ever hear him say.”

So they talked while the hours passed.

He lay in state a day and a night in the room where he had said, “A house divided against itself cannot stand.”

“Peace, Troubled Soul,” the choir sang, as he was borne out of the door.

How hot it was that May day. Many and many a time he had worked hard in the fields under just such a sky; many a time he had campaigned in that same pitiless heat. On days as hot he had ridden the circuit, as “Bob,” his old family horse, could testify; “Bob,” who was now being led in the funeral train, covered with a mantle, escorted by grooms!

The band strikes into the “Dead March,” the

The Funeral

plumes on the hearse, the flags and the banners, move in the faint breeze. The crowds push and stare as the great procession winds down the streets. General Hooker heads the military escort, his face as red as an Indian's. Among the pallbearers we see Judge Logan, once Lincoln's law partner, always his loyal friend, the man who had hated to change his vote from Lincoln to Trumbull for Senator long years before.

Among the relatives sits Judge Davis, the man who sat as circuit judge in the days when Lincoln followed the court. No man knew Lincoln better than he.

The delegations of the States are passing. The crowds point out Oglesby, twice governor of Illinois. It was Oglesby who had had the inspiration to bring those rails into the Chicago Convention, with “The rail-splitter candidate for President”—a slogan that in 1860 did much to elect Lincoln.

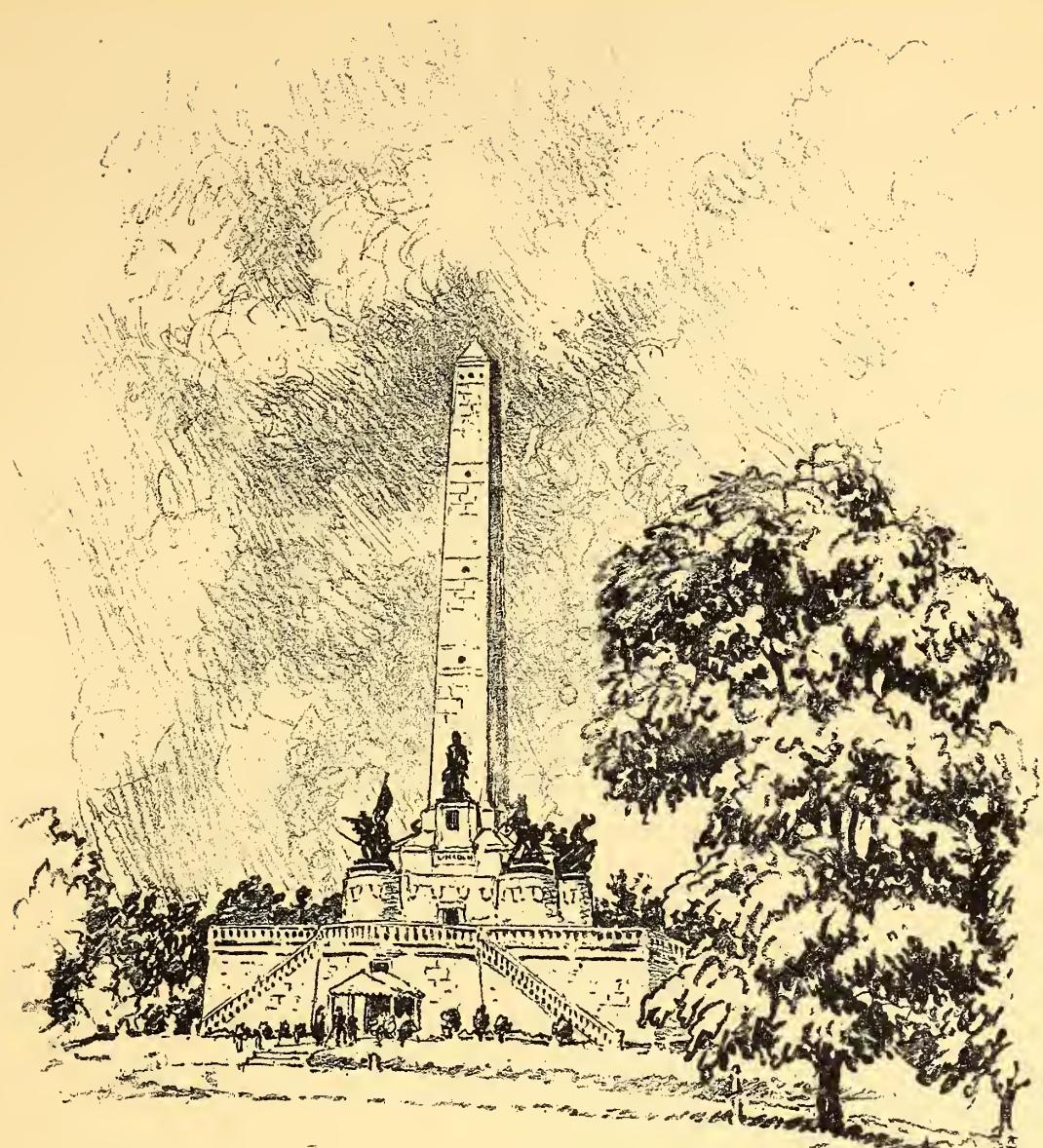
The strains of the music have grown faint.

Lincoln in Illinois

The procession nears the cemetery. There is a choir there, too, and there are speeches and prayers and a sermon by the great Methodist bishop, Simpson, of Philadelphia, the man who had stirred the crowds during the war by his wonderful lecture, "Our Country."

At last they can do no more—choirs, bands, nor speech-makers. The crowds surge home, clamber into special trains, climb into their wagons and drive homeward over the prairie roads. As the sun sinks, thirty-six guns are fired. Such was Lincoln's home-coming in '65.

They built a great monument over his last resting-place. Four groups of statuary, bristling with guns and bayonets, start from the four corners of the shaft. Above them stands the figure of Lincoln, erect and strong,—the statesman of a troubled day. Thus the sculptor, thus the public, of the early seventies saw Lincoln. And that it was Lincoln, and Lincoln at his height, we shall



W.H. Kornblith.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN SPRINGFIELD

The Funeral

not deny. But there are other Lincolns, not to be forgotten,—enshrined forever in the heart of Illinois. The men who knew him best, and the children of those men, see the young river-man at the wheel, bringing the steamboat up the stream that never again proved navigable; recall the young lawyer “taking the chair” at many a public meeting as if by natural right; remember with affection a homely figure in linen duster, a boy trotting on either side; picture the orator rising on rude platforms in prairie towns, raising his voice in shrill falsetto over vast crowds to denounce the spread of slavery. And these Lincolns, that presaged the final man, sleep too under these stones.

THE END

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